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Prologue

A light brown tabby she-cat slipped out of a thorn tunnel, into the dark canopy of the forest. She looked upwards, trying to catch a glimpse of the warm moonlight, but the leaves and branches were so dense that even Silverpelt couldn't fight it's way through. The shadows of the trees loomed over her threateningly, and she couldn't help but let out a shudder of fear. Taking a few deep breaths, she forced the fur along her spine to lay flat. *I can't let anyone find me here. I bet my fear scent can be detected from a mile away.*

Lowering her body to the ground, she placed one white paw in front of the other, whimpering as she passed the scent marks of the group of cats she knew as family. The she-cat sat up, and shook her head decisively. *Do this for Darkclaw.* Shuddering as her fur made contact with the sludgy, damp ground, she flattened her ears against her head, and warily glanced around. She stiffened as she caught a flicker in the shadows.

"Who's there?" She meowed, her voice barely a whisper. The tabby braced herself as the figure moved towards her, and sighed in relief as she recognised the black and white tom. She felt her heart flutter as it did every time she saw him. *Don't be silly!* She scolded herself. *This is no time to be mooning over toms!*

His amber eyes glistened as he stared into her eyes, and then the tom took the lead, leaving the tabby she-cat to follow him. She growled at the disgusting feeling of the marshy ground. Her paws felt as heavy as bricks as she trudged sluggishly through the undergrowth.

"Are we there yet?" She asked her companion. The tom shook his head.

"We're not far," he replied, his mew hushed and low. The light brown she-cat widened her eyes in fear, and fluffed her fur out as she detected the glimmer of amber eyes in the dark, and then a pair

of bright green orbs. She felt a growl rumble in her throat, and lashed her white-tipped brown tail back and forth, unsheathing her claws. As the moonlight suddenly struck the unknown cats, the tom next to her ran his tail down her back. She immediately relaxed, trying to resist the urge to purr.

"Snake," her companion meowed, dipping his head to the first cat. The brown she-cat tipped her head to the side, studying his features. Snake was a white tom with matted fur, and had a pair of striking amber eyes. He was well built for a loner, with muscles rippling across his fur. "And Sidewindercliff," he added, nodding respectfully to the second cat, a jet black she-cat with a white underbelly and striking green eyes. *What an odd name. It sounds clan-like, but at the same time it doesn't. And what in the name of StarClan in a sidewinder?*

"Blacktail," Snake replied, dipping his head in return. He then turned to her, and she felt a flutter of nervousness in her stomach. *He could easily kill me.* "And you are?"

"Leaftail," she murmured, staring down at her paws.

"Leaftail," Sidewindercliff repeated, her green orbs boring into her. "We have been watching you," she meowed, flexing her claws that reflected the moonlight.

"You want revenge, or do you not?" Snake meowed, stalking over to her. At once, Leaftail felt rage burn in her core, setting her blood on fire.

"They exiled my father," she spat, unsheathing her claws and scoring them across the earth.

"Do you want to take revenge for him?" Snake asked. Leaftail looked up at him, surprised. "Do you want to take revenge for him?" He repeated.

"Yes."

"Leaftail," Sidewindercliff meowed, padding over to her. "We've been watching you, because... we need your help. We can give you

all you've ever dreamed of; a clan to lead to destroy your own. All we ask is that you recruit more cats to join us, and once we take over your old clan, the land will be ours." Leaftail thought for a moment. *This is what i've always wanted.*

"Do you accept?" Snake meowed.

Leaftail hesitated, and then with the gazes of three cats boring into her fur, she looked up at the stars, and meowed, "I do."

//I'm sorry that this was posted after chapter 10, but I forgot about it D': But here you go! I hope you like it :)

Allegiances

Hi, Alliehuang here! First of All, thanks for clicking on this book :)!

Please read on and comment to tell me what you think!

LightningClan

Leader

Featherstar - white she-cat with blue eyes

Deputy

Stormpelt- grey and white tom

Apprentice, Firepaw

Medicine Cat

Leaffur - brown she-cat with green eyes

Warriors (toms, and she-cats without kits)

Owlfang- brown tom

Gingernose- ginger tom

Leopardfur- golden tom with unusual black spots

Sootfur- gray she-cat

Webfoot- brown and white tom with blue eyes

Mistypool- blue-grey she-cat

Apprentice, Sunpaw

Mosspelt- grey she-cat with green eyes

Blacktail- white tom with long black tail

Mousefoot- brown she-cat

Apprentice, Spiderpaw

Sharpclaw- black tom with unusually long claws

Nightclaw- black she-cat

Leaftail- tortoiseshell she-cat

Apprentices (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

Spiderpaw- grey and white tom

Sunpaw- ginger and white tom

Firepaw- ginger she-cat with white paws

Queens (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

Frostpelt-white she-cat

Mother of Stormpelt's kits: Duskkit, Silverkit and Pinekit

Whitestripe- black she-cat with white stripes

Expecting Leopardfur's kits

Elders (former warriors and queens, now retired)

Whitefur- White tom (Featherstar's littermate)

Littleclaw- creamy tom

StreamClan

Leader

Oakstar- brown tom

Deputy

Nightwhisper- smoky grey tom

Medicine Cat

Bluefur- blue-furred she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice, Amberpaw

Warriors (toms, and she-cats without kits)

Sunfish- golden tabby she-cat

Apprentice, Icepaw

Yellowfur- golden tom

Gingerpelt- ginger she-cat

Waterclaw- blue tom

Minnowtail- small grey tom

Brambleheart- brown tom with amber eyes

Apprentice, Riverpaw

Otterpool - brown she-cat

Apprentices (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

Riverpaw- she-cat with blue fur, former rouge

Icepaw- gray she-cat with piercing blue eyes, former rouge

Amberpaw- golden she-cat with a creamy underbelly, chest and paws (daydreamingcloud)

Queens (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

Willowfur- white spotted she-cat

Mother to Minnowtail's kit: Berrykit

Elders (former warriors and queens, now retired)

Dappleheart- once pretty tortoiseshell she-cat

SwiftClan

Leader

Shootingstar- golden tabby she-cat

Deputy

Lionflight- golden tom with bushy fur

Medicine Cat

Cinderfoot- grey tom

Warriors (toms, and she-cats without kits)

Echoclaw- brown she-cat with green eyes

Skywhisker-brown tom

Apprentice, Eaglepaw

Runningsun- sleek grey tom with blue eyes

Apprentice, Brightpaw

Windpelt-white tom

Ferncloud-pale gray she-cat with green eyes

Dustclaw-Brown tom

Catface- brown she-cat with dark brown paws and a red stripe down her spine (catisawesome)

Apprentices (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

Brightpaw- golden she-cat

Eaglepaw- brown and gold tom with blue eyes

Queens (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

Sandfur- pale ginger she-cat

expecting Skywhisker's kits

Mintclaw- gray she-cat

Mother to Windpelt's kits: Starlingkit, Whiskerkit and Flightkit

Elders (former warriors and queens, now retired)

Redtail- small tom with a ginger tail

StalkClan

Leader

Nettlestar - old black tom with golden eyes

Deputy

Birchheart - brown tabby she-cat

Apprentice, Grasspaw

Medicine Cat

Spottedpool- tortoiseshell she-cat

Warriors (toms, and she-cats without kits)

Adderear- black tom with an ear bitten off by an adder (kileychan)

Badgerclaw- black tom with unusually long sharp claws

Graystorm- gray tom with long fur

Ravenclaw- sleek black tom

Shadefur- dark gray she-cat with white muzzle, paws, ears and tail tip (catisawesome)

Lilyecho- blue she-cat, former rouge

Nightstripe- Black with white stripe tom, former rouge

Apprentices (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

Grasspaw-white she cat with green eyes Mentor: Birchheart

Queens (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

Furledfern- brown dusky she-cat

Mother to Ravenclaw's kits, Mountainkit and Jaggedkit

Elders (former warriors and queens, now retired)

Blackeye- White tom with a black eye (Nettlestar's brother)

Cats outside of the Clans

Snake- white tom with amber eyes

Sidewindercliff (@bobjimmyho)- black she-cat with a white stomach and green eyes

//Hope you enjoyed! Comment, vote and read on ^^

Chapter One

"LightningClan warriors, attack!"

Duskkit shot out of the nursery and hurtled across the clearing. His littermates, Pinekit and Silverkit scurried after him. Pinekit pounced on a red leaf, batting it with his tiny, brown paws.

"Invaders!" Silverkit yowled.

"Those cats are going to become crowfood!" Pinekit growled as he flexed his claws.

Duskkit leaped at a root, piercing it with his claws. Unfortunately for him, being a clumsy kit, he tripped in his landing and crashed into Webfoot, a brown and white warrior.

"Playing fight the root? When are you little kittens ever going to be able to fight real cats, instead of leaves and roots? It looks like the plant beat you on this one!" The warrior sneered. *Stupid Webfoot.* Duskkit ignored the insult and shook his fur out, then watched as Silverkit scanned the camp.

"See any more StreamClan intruders?" His littermate growled, lashing her silver tail. Duskkit spotted Nightclaw padding across the camp.

"Look, there's a StreamClan warrior trying to steal from our fresh kill pile!" Duskkit meowed, scrambling to his paws and rocketing after young warrior as she padded towards the fresh kill pile. Webfoot watched with a curt expression on his face.

"Nightclaw, is that kit bothering you?" He growled as he stalked towards Duskkit.

"Thanks Webfoot, but he's not bothering me at all. By the way, I heard that elders need their ticks removed. Maybe you could do

that?" The black she-cat replied sarcastically. Webfoot let out a low growl, whirled around and padded away, holding his head high. As Webfoot disappeared from earshot, Nightclaw turned towards Duskkit and meowed,"Kits puts him in a bad mood. He used to have some of his own, but one day, they disappeared. No one knows what happened to them."

"But what about his mate? He must have had one." Duskkit meowed, stretching his green eyes wide in fascination .

Nightclaw shrugged. "One day he just returned from hunting with a few kits in his jaws. He said that he found them buried under a pile of fox dung, but no one really knows what happened."

"Aww!" Duskkit complained. Nightclaw purred in amusement.

"If you want to know more, maybe you can go and ask the elders. I'm sure that Whitefur wouldn't mind telling you a story!"

Duskkit twitched his ears. He really didn't want to bump into grumpy Webfoot, who was *supposed to be* removing ticks from Whitefur's coat.

The little kit sprinted over to the other side of the clearing, before skidding to a halt. "Thanks Nightclaw!"

"Anytime, little kit." The black she-cat meowed, before turning away to finish her meal.

"Whitefur? Are you there?" Duskkit meowed, tentatively poking his head in the elder's den before he stepped inside. Whitefur was sprawled lazily on his bed of moss in a patch of filtered sunlight. The old white tom lifted his head up, and blinked sleepily before responding.

"Oh, are you here to nip the ticks out of my fur? I think someone was supposed to do it today."

"Webfoot was supposed to do it, not me!" Duskkit retorted, sitting down next to the elder.

Whitefur's eyes lit up in amusement. "Oh, and you thought that that

stubborn cat would actually do as he was told? He has quite a reputation for being sharp tongued. But he wasn't always like that." Whitefur was staring into space, as if he was trying to remember.

"Go on, Whitefur." Duskkit meowed, and wrapped his tail over his front paws.

"Only if you check my fur for ticks," the elder meowed. "Someone has to do it."

"But why do I have to ?" Duskkit stared at the ground, shuffling his paws. *I want to know about Webfoot, but checking Whitefur for ticks? He's crawling!*

"Don't you want to hear the story?

Duskkit jumped to his paws and started picking through Whitefur's matted pelt. He winced as he crunched a tick between his teeth.

Whitefur sighed. "That feels better," he murmured contently.

"Now can you please tell me what happened to Webfoot that made him so grumpy all the time?"

"Well, it was around eleven moons ago, last leaf-fall, long before you were even born."

"Webfoot was one of the most skilful warriors in the clan. One day, when he was patrolling the StreamClan border alone, he found two kits in the forest, wandering around. At first he ignored them, but he soon took pity on them and brought them back to the clan," Whitefur murmured uncomfortably, finishing the story with a relieved breath.

"Are you hiding something?" Duskkit asked.

"Don't be so nosy, I'm just thirsty from all the talking." What a l*ame excuse, as if anycat would believe that!* Duskkit was about retort, but he managed to bite his tongue when his mother, Frostpelt padded into the elder's den.

"Duskkit, i've been looking all over for you! Where have you been?"

With a hasty glance at Whitefur, she continued, "You haven't been bothering Whitefur, have you?"

"I was cleaning his fur!" Duskkit shot back.

"Well, get back into the nursery! You're not an apprentice yet, so you can't wander around!" Frostpelt curled her tail around Duskkit and guided him back to the den. *I'm six moons old, so I don't get why i'm babied so much!* Duskkit grudgingly followed Frostpelt, his footsteps heavy.

"Your brother and sister are nicely napping in the nursery, and you're running around stirring up mischief? You should know better, Duskkit! I expect better things from you. Plus, you're becoming an apprentice today! I don't expect apprentices to behave like that!" Duskkit was only half listening as he batted at a white butterfly that landed on his muzzle. "Come on Duskkit, have some fun with Silverkit and Pinekit. Don't leave the clearing though," Frostpelt meowed, fixing Duskkit with a stern glare. Duskkit nodded and headed towards his littermates, who were chasing moths and the falling leaf-fall leaves. He turned to see his mother walk over to the fresh-kill pile and sit down next to Stormpelt, before sharing tongues.

"Where were you?" Silverkit asked, running up to greet Duskkit.

"Talking to Whitefur." Duskkit replied, giving a half-hearted smile. *I can't tell them what I was really doing. It's my secret.*

"Hi Stormpelt," meowed Pinekit as he greeted his father. "What do you do during the day?"

"Well, I went on a patrol with Blacktail, Mousefoot, Firepaw, Spiderpaw and Leaftail to check if there are any nasty enemy cats snooping around our borders."

"Did you find anything strange?" Duskkit asked.

"Everything's the way it should be," Stormpelt replied, licking a tuft of fur on Duskkit's head down.

"Is it true that Webfoot was one of the best warriors before I was

born?"

"He was one of them, how do you know that?" Stormpelt shot Duskkit a curious look.

"Well, I was talking to Whitefur. He also said Webfoot found two kits wandering in the forest and adopted them."

"That was what he said to all of us when he came back from the forest with two wet kits," meowed Stormpelt. "He loved those kits very much. Then one day, the kits were stolen by badgers, and Webfoot became very sad. That's why he's a bit grumpy around kits. They remind him of his own loss. I'm lucky to have you and your littermates," Stormpelt added.

Duskkit thought about what his father had told him. But wait- Whitefur had said that Webfoot found the kits in a pile of fox dung, but Stormpelt said that when the kits came to camp, they were wet. The little brown kit narrowed his eyes. Somebody was lying.

"Duskkit, over here!" His thoughts were interrupted by Silverkit's voice.

"Thanks for the story, Stormpelt!" He mewed before racing after his sister. "What is it?" Duskkit asked as he skidded to a halt behind the nursery.

"Whitestripe's having her kits!" Silverkit explained, her eyes round with worry.

Duskkit peered into the nursery, and saw Whitestripe stretched out on her back, and Leaffur crouching next to the black and white queen.

"Whatever, we're becoming apprentices at sunhigh!" Duskkit bounced over to Silverkit. "Frostpelt told me this morning!"

Silverkit's eyes lit up in excitement. Just then, Duskkit saw Featherstar leap out onto the highrock.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the highrock for a clan meeting!" The white she-cat meowed.

Frostpelt rushed over with Pinekit, and started to groom Duskkit's pelt. He saw Stormpelt emerge from the warriors' den and pad over. "You lot look like you've been dragged through a thorn bush backwards!" Frostpelt meowed as Duskkit tried to struggle away, but her eyes shone with pride.

"Silverkit, Duskkit and Pinekit, step forward," Featherstar meowed. Duskkit padded up to the foot of the highrock with his littermates on either side of him, his whiskers quivering in excitememnt. "Silverkit, until you receive your warrior name you will be known as Silverpaw. Your mentor will be..." Featherstar's icy blue gaze searched the crowd, and landed on a black she cat. "Nightclaw. You are a young warrior, but you are a loyal and skilled cat. I trust that you will share all of your knowledge with Silverpaw." Duskkit saw his sister suppress a bounce of excitement as she padded over to touch noses with her new mentor.

"Duskkit," Featherstar continued, "until you receive your warrior name you will be known as Duskpaw. I will be your mentor." Duskkit let out a gasp in surprise. Featherstar hadn't mentored a cat in moons- and it was a great honor to be mentored by the clan leader! He trembled with joy as Featherstar stooped down to touch noses with him. "You have great potential, and I will help you achieve the best that you can."

Pinekit became Pinepaw, and his mentor was Leopardfur.

"Can we go explore the territory? Please please please?" Pinepaw bounced up and down around his new mentor, his eager green eyes shining with excitement. Leopardfur shook his broad, golden head.

"I'm not leaving camp until Whitestripe has finished kitting." Leopardfur paced in front of the nursery, kneading the ground with his paws. At first Duskkit was puzzled, then he remembered that Leopardfur was Whitestripe's mate. With a gentle thump, Featherstar landed by his side.

"We will not leave until Whitestripe has finished kitting," she agreed. "In the meantime, why don't you and your littermates go with Firepaw, Sunpaw and Spiderpaw to learn how to clean nests?" She beckoned to the three apprentices. "You six are to clean all of

the dens. Afterwards, you can go hunting. The rest of the mentors can set out on the sunhigh border patrol."

"We better do the medicine den first, since Leaffur isn't in it right now," Firepaw mewed. She led the group into the shadowed den. Duskpaw wrinkled his nose at the strong and pungent smell of herbs filling the den.

"You claw nests apart, like this," Sunpaw meowed as one ginger paw flashed out to claw at the moss.

"Then you pile up the old moss, and get new moss from the back of the den." As she spoke, Firepaw padded up to the back of the den and gripped a ball of moss in her teeth. She laid it in the nest of twigs and spread it evenly inside. "See?" The ginger apprentice meowed. "Easy."

"For you," Pinepaw muttered next to Duskpaw. He nodded his head in agreement. The older apprentices had already been doing this for three moons, and they had only become apprentices today! Sighing, Duskpaw set off to work.

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"I wonder how Whitestripe is doing." Silverpaw's mew was muffled from the squirrel she was carrying to Featherstar's den. Duskpaw heard Whitestripe's cries, which were growing weaker and weaker every second. He padded over to the nursery, with Firepaw, Sunpaw, Spiderpaw and Pinepaw hard on his heels.

Whitestripe was stretched out, as she was at sunhigh, but a stick was clamped between her teeth, and Sootfur was trickling water into her mouth. Leopardfur was lapping at his mate's head, while Leaffur crouched by her side, with a paw on her belly. As the five apprentices, joined by Silverpaw, sat by the entrance, Whitestripe let out a shriek, and a tiny bundle of wet fur slid out. Sootfur licked the little wet lump, and Duskpaw rolled his eyes. *Boring!* He bounced up and meowed, "Come on, Whitestripe and the new kits will need prey to eat. Let's go hunting!"

"Like you know how to hunt, mouse-brain! Besides, kits that young

can't eat prey yet." Silverpaw flicked his ear with her tail.

"You're right, Silverpaw. We'll teach you," Sunpaw meowed to Silverpaw. *Like you're great at hunting- you're an apprentice too!*

"Alright, but I better go and ask Nightclaw if it's okay," the silver she-cat meowed as she bounded up to greet her mentor who had just returned from patrol.

Duskpaw followed, only to hear Nightclaw meow, "Okay, but don't stray onto other clans' territories. You don't know where that is- I better go with you then," she added. The patrol headed out into the forest, near the StreamClan border.

Suddenly, Duskpaw spotted a gray pelt, just over the border, and another cat. The brown apprentice squinted his eyes to try to make out the pelt of the other cat, but he just saw a blur of blue.

"Duskpaw!" Nightclaw prodded the brown apprentice in the side. "Show me your hunter's crouch."

Duskpaw immediately lowered himself to the ground, his belly fur brushing the leaves.

"Not bad, but keep your tail down." Nightclaw instructed. Suddenly she stopped, parting her jaws to taste the air. She pointed to a lump of ferns with her tail.

"Mouse," she hissed under her breath. "Duskpaw, try to catch it."

Duskpaw slowly stepped forwards, carefully setting each paw down so the leaves wouldn't crunch under his weight. The mouse nibbled at a seed, completely unaware that it was about to become prey. Duskpaw pounced, but he was too slow. The mouse darted out of the way, and dropping it's seed, raced deep into the undergrowth. He padded back to his littermates, tail drooping.

"Mouse dung!" He exclaimed.

"That's alright, you can't expect to catch something on your first try," Nightclaw soothed. The black she-cat helped Silverpaw to get into the hunting crouch, and taught her how to stalk forward, not

ruffling the undergrowth. Suddenly, Silverpaw leaped at the root of a tree, and sat up with a squirrel in her jaws, her eyes shining.

"Well done!" Nightclaw exclaimed, and went to help Silverpaw bury her prey, which was almost as big as the silver apprentice.

Suddenly, Mousefoot and Gingernose leaped out from the undergrowth. Nightclaw rushed over from where she was helping Silverpaw with her hunting crouch.

"Leopardfur sent me to watch Pinepaw," Gingernose explained.

"And I came to watch Spiderpaw," Mousefoot added.

"How is Whitestripe?" The black she-cat asked.

Mousefoot's expression was grim. "Growing weaker," she admitted. "But she's had five kits," the brown warrior exclaimed with forced optimism.

"Five?" Sunpaw gasped, sitting up from where he was burying his vole. "Most litters only have two or three kits! How will she manage them all?"

"We better get back to camp," Nightclaw meowed. "The apprentices can come out on border patrol tomorrow, and they can try hunting again." The apprentices, all except for Pinepaw and Duskpaw, went to dig up their prey.

I'll catch something tomorrow, Duskpaw promised himself. Mousefoot and Leopardfur let out squeaks of surprise as Silverpaw hauled up her huge squirrel. Nightclaw padded over to the silver apprentice and offered to carry it for her.

As the patrol entered through the gorse tunnel, they made a quick stop at the fresh-kill pile to drop off their catches, before heading to the nursery. Whitestripe was laying on her side, her breathing quick and shallow. Her kits were in Sootfur's nest, the five tiny creatures pummeling the gray she-cat's stomach. Leaffur, the medicine cat, was settled down next to Whitestripe, with berries and leaves laid out beside her.

"Sootfur!" Firepaw raced over to her mother's mossy nest. "Are you expecting kits?"

Duskpaw noticed that Sootfur pushed Firepaw away from her, as if she disowned her first litter.

"Yes." Her meow was curt, without the warmth of a mother delivering good news to her kit.

Gingernose pushed through the nursery to his mate. "That's wonderful!" He purred. Sootfur purred in return, but Duskpaw could tell that Gingernose knew it was forced.

Something's wrong with this family, Duskpaw thought as Gingernose gathered his kits together and angrily herded them outside.

"Has Whitestripe named the kits?" He asked. Sootfur shook her head.

Duskpaw dropped a mouse beside the queen's nest, and left the nursery, casting an anxious glance at Whitestripe. Leopardfur crouched next to her, lapping at his mate's head.

As Duskkit padded towards the apprentice den, he saw a two green leaves fluttering down from a tree, in leaf bare. Curious, he padded closer. As one leaf fell, it landed on Gingernose's head, and the other landed on Stormpelt's back. Nightclaw padded by the two toms sharing a starling, and batted both of the leaves off of them.

"A leaf, as delicate as it seems, will destroy everything in it's path. Only will the powerful night save the clan." A voice whispered in his ear. Duskpaw jumped. That sounded so much like a prophecy from StarClan! But he was only an apprentice- why would StarClan send him a sign?

Perhaps i'll talk to Leaffur about it later, he thought as he curled up in his new nest, and drifted off into a deep slumber.

//**Hope you liked it! Please Review and Like!**

The next update should be out in a day or two :D Stay tuned!

Chapter Two

"It's time we get going," Featherstar meowed as she gathered her clan with a flick of her tail. The cats chosen to go to the gathering, including Webfoot, padded out of the den through the thick gorse tunnel. Duskpaw, Silverpaw and Pinepaw bounced along at the front of the patrol, excitedly chatting like a group of starlings about what they guessed would happen.

"I bet we'll see the greatest warriors, like Lionflight!" Pinepaw exclaimed, his thick dark red fur bouncing up and down as the apprentice galloped alongside the clan leader, at the head of the patrol.

"I wonder what Oakstar looks like," Silverpaw mewed thoughtfully. "What will we say to the other apprentices? Will they like us?"

"Of course they will, LightningClan is the best!" Sunpaw meowed as he padded up to join the group of apprentices. His littermates, Firepaw and Spiderpaw lengthened their strides to catch up.

Webfoot let out a mmrow of amusement. He remembered how excited he felt at his first gathering as an apprentice: but he just couldn't imagine why Featherstar decided to bring all of the paws with them! The younger apprentices had only been out of the nursery for a quarter moon.

He padded into the clearing at fourtrees, and the LightningClan cats spilt apart as cats wandered away to share tongues and gossip with their friends in other clans.

Webfoot stared up at Nettlestar, waiting for the gathering to begin.

"Watch Sunpaw, please, Webfoot," Mistypool meowed as she slipped into the crowd. Webfoot settled himself down just in front of Sunpaw, and next to Ravenclaw, a StalkClan warrior.

Shootingstar let out a yowl to tell every cat that the gathering was about to begin. Nettlestar of StalkClan stepped forwards first.

"Today two warriors have joined our clan, to fight for justice and revenge," Nettlestar dramatically meowed.

Webfoot rolled his eyes. *Nettlestar is a way over dramatic cat.* He looked over at the two new warriors, Lilyecho and Nightstripe.

"It's amazing how well those two rouges have settled in," Ravenclaw commented. Webfoot just dipped his head. "They've been in StalkClan ever since they were found as kits, so they seem clanborn."

"Trespassers!" Nettlestar hissed at Shootingstar. The black tom's golden eyes were blazing with fury. The golden she-cat stepped towards him, until their muzzles were almost touching.

"My clan is loyal, unlike some of your frog-breath warriors!" She hissed, hackles rising. The SwiftClan cats in the crowd bristled. Webfoot tensed. Starclan would not like the clans arguing at the truce of a gathering. To his surprise, the StalkClan cats were staring at their paws, even their deputy, Birchheart. Ravenclaw, the black and white StalkClan warrior sitting next to Webfoot, was shuffling his paws. Webfoot gave him a sympathetic glance. However old and confused Featherstar was becoming, Nettlestar was much, much worse. They were both growing old, and every cat knew that they were on their last lives. Birchheart and Stormpelt were both getting ready to lead their clans.

"I smelled your disgusting scent in our territory across the border at edge of the moors!" Nettlestar hissed.

"That's SwiftClan territory!" Lionflight, the SwiftClan deputy hissed.

Birchheart urgently spoke a few hushed words to the frail black tom. Finally Nettlestar stepped back, and Shootingstar continued her report.

"Prey is running well, and everything is peaceful," She meowed, casting a glance at Nettlestar.

Webfoot was daydreaming about sunshine and mice when Mosspelt nudged him.

"Featherstar's speaking!" She mewed.

"We have three new apprentices; Duskpaw, Silverpaw and Pinepaw. We also have a new litter of kits."

As the cheering died down, Webfoot turned to look at Bluefur, the StreamClan medicine cat. She was talking to Cinderfoot, about herbs he guessed.

"StarClan has been good to us this Greenleaf, and LightningClan will continue to thrive in the coming leaf-fall." Featherstar finally stepped back, and Oakstar took her place.

"We have two new apprentices, Riverpaw and Icepaw." The cats cheered for the new apprentices. They were popular, even though they were born rouges, found mewling at the edge of StalkClan territory. Webfoot noticed that Bluefur and Cinderfoot, the two medicine cats seemed to cheer extra loudly.

Oakstar waited for the yowling to die down, before continuing.

"Willowfur has given birth to Berrykit. StreamClan is strong." Oakstar mewed before stepping back. Featherstar gathered her clan with a flick of her tail, leading them out of the clearing.

"Aren't you staying to share tongues?" Ravenclaw meowed.

Webfoot shrugged. "Featherstar can get a bit- delusional sometimes. Have your kits been born yet?" He asked. Webfoot's clanmates all thought that he hated kits because of the disappearance of his own, but he hoped that his friend would be able to have a happy family. *Unlike me,* he thought sadly.

Ravenclaw sat up a little straighter. "They're perfect," he purred.

"That's wonderful! I bet they're little warriors already, like their father! How's Furledfern?" Webfoot knew how painful kitting could be- Whitestripe's kitting had been horribly difficult, and Leopardfur had refused to come to the gathering, out of fear for his mate.

Webfoot knew that kitting for a whole afternoon was not normal, and even though the black-and-white queen had given birth, she was still weak, and so were her four kits.

"Furledfern is doing fine. That reminds me- she wanted me to ask you how Whitestripe is doing. Has she kitted yet?" Ravenclaw asked, completely oblivious of exactly how much pain Whitestripe had been experiencing. Webfoot shook his head.

"She's really weak. She was kitting for a whole afternoon. Leopardfur's so worried about her that he refused to come to the gathering."

Ravenclaw's eyes clouded with worry. "That's why Leaffur couldn't make it to the gathering." He meowed.

Webfoot nodded. The normally optimistic she-cat was afraid that Whitestripe and her kits would be unable to survive, and every sunrise they were alive was a blessing.

"Webfoot! Are you coming or not?" Stormpelt called over his shoulder as the last of the LightningClan cats left the clearing.

"I have to go join my brother. Goodbye, Ravenclaw." Webfoot touched his tail-tip to Ravenclaw's black ear.

"Wish Whitestripe luck from me!" Ravenclaw called. Webfoot waved his tail to show that he had heard.

Stormpelt and Webfoot raced to join the patrol heading back to camp. He had forgotten how good it felt to race through the forest with his littermate by his side.

"Race you back to camp!" Stormpelt yowled as he put on a burst of speed, kicking up leaves in his haste. Webfoot followed, and burst into the clearing that was the LightningClan camp. He was about to head to his nest when Mosspelt crashed into him.

"What is it, Mosspelt?" The grey she-cat was his littermate.

"Have you seen Mistypool?" Mosspelt bounded up, her green eyes glazed with worry. "She hasn't returned from the gathering. And

neither has Leaftail." Webfoot felt his heart leap in panic. He had never trusted Leaftail- she seemed a bit sketchy. It didn't help that her former mentor, Blacktail, was a reserved cat too. What was his sensible littermate doing with that cat?

"Something's wrong," he muttered to Stormpelt. The gray and white tom nodded.

"Mistypool would never go running off on her own. Especially with Leaftail." He meowed, panic evident in his voice.

"We have to go find her!" Mosspelt's voice was shaking, and her blue eyes stretched so wide that the whites were showing. Webfoot nodded.

Suddenly, he heard a wail.

"How is Whitestripe?" Stormpelt asked. Mosspelt bowed her head.

"She's really weak, and so are her kits... Leaffur's not sure whether any of them will survive the night." She meowed.

"Alright, why don't the three of us go look for Mistypool? She can't be far-" Stormpelt was interrupted by Leaftail bursting through the entrance, dragging a cat with her. At first Webfoot didn't recognize her, and as he padded closer, a wail escaped him.

"Mistypool?" Webfoot meowed, suddenly feeling as helpless as a kit. Leaftail let go of her scruff, and laid the dead blue she-cat in the middle of the clearing.

"Mistypool!" Mosspelt wailed and pressed her muzzle into her blue fur. Stormpelt whipped around to glare at Leaftail.

"What happened?" He growled. Webfoot padded up to his brother's shoulder, the beginnings of a snarl on his face. Ever since the disappearance of his adopted kits, he had relied on his kin more than ever. He couldn't believe that Mistypool was gone. Forever.

The brown tabby she-cat only looked at the two toms with sympathy in her eyes. "I found her by the thunderpath. I couldn't help her by the time I got there. I'm so sorry. I felt this way when

Darkclaw... " Leaftail tried to look sad, but Webfoot saw fierce anger burning at the back of her gaze, mixed with satisfaction.

Every cat in LightningClan knew about Darkclaw. He was Leaftail's father, and the former deputy. But Darkclaw tried to kill Featherstar in order to become leader. He took one of Featherstar's lives, but once his plot was uncovered he was exiled. Was Leaftail trying to avenge her father's exile? Were her littermates, Nightclaw and Sharpclaw, part of this plot too?

He exchanged a glance with Stormpelt. They both knew she was lying. Slumping down, he sat down next to his dead littermate, as well as his grieving littermate, and shared tongues with Mistypool for the last time. Stormpelt lowered himself down beside him.

Slowly the clan came out to pay their respects to the dead warrior. Frostpelt, Mistypool's best friend, let out a wail and settled down to sit vigil. Mousefoot took one look at the blue she-cat, and padded off into the apprentices' den, beckoning Webfoot with her tail.

"What is it?" Webfoot asked, his voice full of grief.

"It's Sunpaw. Mistypool was his mentor. You were closer to him than any other warrior, so it is you that must tell him." The brown warrior replied. Webfoot padded into the den, rousing the ginger and white apprentice by prodding him in the flank.

"Sunpaw? Get up." The apprentice scrambled to his paws, spraying his denmates with scraps of moss. Spiderpaw looked up.

"Come with me, Sunpaw," Webfoot meowed, struggling to keep his voice steady.

"What is it? Does Mistypool want me?" Sunpaw chirped. "Is she finally going to teach me how to climb trees, like she promised?"

"Can I come too?" Spiderpaw meowed.

"No, just Sunpaw," Webfoot meowed.

"Where's Mistypool? Is she waiting for me at the owl tree?" Sunpaw mewed excitedly.

Webfoot's heart sank. Sootfur didn't seem to care for her first litter of kits, instead making a new life with Sharpclaw, the young cat who had kits with her before he became a warrior. Sunpaw had formed an unusually strong bond with his mentor, and the news Webfoot was about to deliver would be taken horribly be the young apprentice. The brown and white warrior took a deep breath.

"Mistypool won't be there."

"Where is she? Is she hiding?" The ginger and white apprentice bounced up and down.

Oh StarClan, help me find the right words.

"No, she..." Webfoot swallowed the lump in his throat. "Mistypool won't be coming back."

Sunpaw stared at him. "Is she on patrol? Why not?"

"She hunts with StarClan now."

"Can I go visit her?" Sunpaw was confused. "Leaffur does all the time."

There is no way to break this to him gently.

"Sunpaw, Mistypool is dead. You will never again smell her scent, or feel her fur pressed against yours. She's dead, Sunpaw." Webfoot nearly let out a wail.

"Nooo!" The apprentice streaked out of the den, and crouched next to his mentor.

Webfoot trembled. He dragged himself over to Mistypool's body, and curled his tail around Sunpaw.

He remembered his littermate's last words to him.

"Watch Sunpaw, please, Webfoot."

I will, dear sister. I promise.

// Aww poor Sunpaw :'(. Sorry that this chapter was really short! I have no time to write because of school -.-

Anyways, cats are still open, and I need names for Whitestripes kit (one).

Name:

Gender:

Pelt Color (it helps to have a picture):

Backstory (if any):

Family (Please use the cats already in the allegiances, or you can say he/she is dead):

If your cat is an apprentice, preffered mentor (^ see above but your mentor cannot be dead):

Status (eg Warrior, leader):

Clan:

I am taking 2 elders in all clans, and 2 apprentices in StalkClan. Medicine cat apprentice is also open for StalkClan and SwiftClan. I am taking two warriors in either SwiftClan and StalkClan, first come first serve:)! I am also taking one cute little kit :D There are four kits, but only the cute little kit that i'm asking you to name survives :'(Sowwy.

Hope you like it from Webfoot perspective, this took a long time for me to write :)

The next chapter should be out in maybe a week (or less, depending on how much time I have to write this)

Well I should be doing geography, so bye :3

Chapter Three

“Duskpaw, come on! We’re going to battle training with the whole clan!” Duskpaw lifted his head at the sound of the clan deputy’s meow. He groaned. *I just went to the gathering last night, don’t I deserve more sleep?*

It had been Duskpaw’s second gathering; he had been an apprentice for three moons now, but the clans had missed last moon’s gathering because storm clouds had been covering the moon. Leaf-bare had come. He remembered how thin the other clans looked, all except for StreamClan, because the river hadn’t frozen up yet. He shivered as snowflakes dotted his brown fur.

*“*Hurry up!” Stormpelt mew sounded more impatient this time. He wearily dragged himself upright, and hastily padded out into the clearing. He was greeted by Silverpaw, his littermate, and Nightclaw, his sister’s mentor.

“Alright, let’s go.” Stormpelt waved his tail to summon the training patrol that consisted of himself, Silverpaw, Nightclaw, Webfoot, Sunpaw, Sharpclaw, Mousefoot, Spiderpaw and Firepaw.

“Why can’t I come?” Pinepaw padded up to the group and asked. Leopardfur, his mentor, had been spending most of his time with Whitestripe and his kits, so Pinepaw hardly got any training. Featherstar hadn’t appointed a new mentor for hime yet.

“Leopardfur said that you were going hunting. I’ll send your littermates to hunt with you after we finish training,” the deputy meowed.

“Wait!” Cheetahkit squeaked, her tail streaming out behind her as she raced towards the leaving cats. Her sister, Poppykit was right behind her. “We want to come with you!” Poppykit bounced up and down in excitement, her paws churning the surface of freshly fallen snow.

They look strong and healthy now, Duskpaw mused, *but no cat will ever forget what happened to Littlekit and Bravekit.* They had been Whitestripe's kits, and had joined StarClan before they were even a quarter moon old. Cheetahkit, Poppykit and Whitestripe were recovering, but poor Stripekit was slumped over at the mouth of the nursery, his eyes glazed. He didn't look like he could even summon the energy to eat.

"Why don't you ask Stripekit to play?" He meowed to Poppykit. The golden she-kit suddenly stopped bouncing.

"We already did," she mewed, "but Stripekit didn't even reply!" Her voice rose to a wail. "Whitestripe had to lick him and lick him to even get him to wake up! I thought he was dead!" Poppykit's ice blue eyes stretched wide, and Duskpaw gave him comforting lick on the head.

Duskpaw watched as Whitestripe padded up. She looked hollow with grief, but had recovered tremendously since the death of her kits. "I brought Stripekit to Leaffur, but she said that there is not much that we can do." Despite her consoling words, Duskpaw could tell that she was trembling on the inside.

"Come on, Duskpaw! We need to be hunting after this, remember?"

The patrol headed to the sandy training hollow, but then started to veer away to the owl tree. Stormpelt stopped at about ten fox-lengths away from the foot of the tree and divided the patrol up into two groups.

Duskpaw ended up on a team with Webfoot, Sunpaw, Nightclaw and Silverpaw.

"Webfoot, you will lead your patrol, and I will lead mine. Silverpaw, take this feather away to your team." The silver apprentice padded up to Stormpelt and picked the gray feather up. "Spiderpaw, you can take this raven feather to your team."

As soon as the black and white apprentice rejoined his group, Stormpelt explained the exercise.

“All cats will start at this line,” He meowed, using his claw to trace a straight line down the width of the clearing. “The aim is to take this feather to the top of the owl tree, without the enemy patrol stopping you. Go and discuss tactics.” Stormpelt dismissed Webfoot’s patrol and padded away with his own. Duskpaw felt himself quivering in excitement.

“Okay,” Webfoot meowed as soon as Stormpelt had left with his patrol to the other side of the clearing. He used his claws to scratch shapes out in the sandy earth. “Let’s say this is the owl tree. Nightclaw, Silverpaw and Duskpaw, you’re the lightest, so you three go for the tree. Sunpaw,” he added to his apprentice, “you stay with me. We’re going to attack as a team. If we split up we’ll be far to weak.” As Duskpaw prepared to race off to the starting line, Webfoot used his tail to draw him back.

“One more thing,” he meowed, his voice lowering into a whisper. “When I give the signal-” Webfoot kinked his tail high above his back- “Duskpaw, you yowl “Kittypets!” That should distract the other team.” The brown and white tom waved his tail, and Duskpaw took his place at the starting line.

Energy soared inside of him as he thought about Webfoot’s magnificent plan. *Perhaps he’s just misunderstood. The Webfoot at battle training is much better than grumpy old Webfoot in camp!*

“Go!” Stormpelt’s yowl split the air. Duskpaw raced towards the owl tree, and glanced sideways to see Silverpaw beside him, and Nightclaw on her other side. Suddenly, he felt a cat sweep him off his feet. He looked up to meet the amber eyes of Spiderpaw. Duskpaw went limp, and just as Spiderpaw released his grip, he surged upwards and threw his opponent off him. He scrambled to his paws and raced to the tree, trying to catch up to Silverpaw and Nightclaw. He risked a look downwards, and saw that Webfoot and Sunpaw were swamped with opponents. It seemed that Stormpelt’s patrol had decided to send only one cat up the tree, and the rest of the cats stayed on the ground, defending the other patrol from reaching it. He looked up, and saw Nightclaw and Silverpaw swiping, claws sheathed, at Sunpaw, who was struggling to keep her grip on her raven feather.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye he saw Webfoot kink his tail over his back.

“Kittypets!” He yowled. “Kittypets!”

Spiderpaw and Mousefoot stopped cuffing Sunpaw, and stopped to gaze at the distance, parting their jaws to taste the air. Silverpaw let out a startled yelp, and the dove feather floated out of her parted jaws. Duskpaw jumped onto another branch to grasp the feather in his mouth, and started climbing for the top of the tree.

Firepaw was concentrating too hard on tasting the air to notice him, and Nightclaw and Silverpaw were cleverly pretending to too. Silverpaw gave Duskpaw the tiniest of nods, and then returned to fixing her gaze on the distance.

Duskpaw reached the top of the ancient tree, and then yowled as loud as he could without dropping the feather, “I won!”

Immediately, all of the scuffling in the hollow stopped, and Duskpaw felt all eyes on him. Webfoot flicked his brother on the shoulder with his tail.

“I told you that we’d beat you!” He meowed, and Stormpelt let out a purr of amusement. Duskpaw slowly inched down the tree, and he couldn’t help sighing in relief as soon as his paws touched the ground.

“Great job, Duskpaw!” Silverpaw bounced up to congratulate him. “I thought that we’d lost for sure when I dropped the feather!”

“That was a great tactic,” Mousefoot meowed to Webfoot. “I wish we’d thought of that!”

“Great job, everyone. Unfortunately I think that will be our last joint training session for this season; we need to dedicate our cats to hunting now.” A chorus of disgruntled meows met the deputy’s announcement. “Silverpaw and Duskpaw, go and meet your littermate. I think he’s hunting around the treecut place. Mousefoot, you and Spiderpaw can go hunt around the sandy training hollow. Leaftail, go with them. And Firepaw-”

“Wait.” Stormpelt was cut off by the sound of Webfoot’s voice. “Where is Leaftail? She was meant to join us in training.”

Duskpaw parted his jaws to taste the air. It didn’t seem like Leaftail had come with the patrol to the owl tree.

“I’ll have a word with her when I see her. In the meantime, Sharpclaw, you can go with Mousefoot and Spiderpaw instead of your littermate.” The black tom gave a tense nod. “Webfoot, Sunpaw, Nightclaw and Firepaw, I will go with you and we will patrol the StreamClan border. I’ve already sent Blacktail’s patrol to patrol the StalkClan border. You may go.” The deputy waved his tail, and Duskpaw padded over to Silverpaw. The two littermates padded into the undergrowth, towards the treecut place.

Sure enough, they found Pinepaw hunting on his own. He had only managed to catch a pitiful haul; hunting was harder than ever in leaf-bare. Even with Silverpaw’s help, who was shaping up to become the best hunter in the clan, by the time the sun was setting they had only managed to catch two mice, a scrawny thrush, a plump squirrel and an old blackbird. Duskpaw puffed his chest out when he looked at his catch; the squirrel had been hard to surprise, but he had caught it on his own. They were just about to head back to camp when he heard a rustling in the undergrowth, and then pawsteps.

“Who’s there?” Pinepaw called.

Duskpaw padded over to the direction the noise was coming from, and distinguished to sets of pawsteps, kittypets by the smell of them.

“Go get help,” he murmured to Pinepaw, and the reddish-brown apprentice shot off through the undergrowth. By then, Duskpaw could hear what they were talking about.

“Are you sure this is where they live?”

“Yes, Freckle, i’m sure.”

“What if they attack us?”

“Then we’ll fight.”

Suddenly, the two cat burst out of a bush. They were both she-cats; one was bright orange, her unmoving golden gaze fixed on him, and one was white with black spots, her blue eyes wandering from him to Silverpaw.

“What are you doing here? You’re trespassing on LightningClan territory!” Duskpaw questioned. The orange cat’s eyes widened.

“See, I told you they lived here!” She meowed to her companion.

“What do you want, kittypets?” Silverpaw stood shoulder to shoulder with her littermates. Duskpaw quickly assessed their enemy. They looked about six moons old, just old enough to be apprentices. Without another word, Duskpaw launched himself at the orange she-cat.

He swiped at her muzzle, and battered her stomach with his hind paws. Suddenly, she went limp, and Duskpaw relaxed his grip. Then the she-cat surged upwards, throwing Duskpaw off her. He landed with a thump, winded but unhurt.

Duskpaw glanced sideways to see Silverpaw easily holding the black and white she-cat down, raking her flanks. The orange she-cat yelped in alarm and went to help her friend.

Duskpaw got up to his paws, and hurled himself onto the orange she-cat’s back. The kittypet instantly collapsed under his weight, and Duskpaw raked her spine with his hind paws.

“Please, stop! We only wanted to join your clan!” She pleaded.

Duskpaw stopped, but kept a firm grip on her. *I’m not going to fall for the same trick twice!*

He exchanged a glance with Silverpaw, who had the other kittypet at her mercy.

“I guess we can take them to Featherstar,” she mewed.

“There’s no need,” came a voice in the bushes, and Featherstar stepped out of hiding, with Pinepaw and Frostpelt with her. “You are welcome to join LightningClan.” The four clan cats stifled gasps of astonishment; since when could kittypets join a clan?

“Your names?” Featherstar asked.

“Ember,” the orange she-cat meowed confidently. “This is Freckle,” she added, using her tail tip to touch the other kittypet’s shoulder. Featherstar nodded.

“You can tell us more about why you have come on the way back to camp.”

Ember easily chatted about how she had seen LightningClan patrols from her kittypet fence, and how she had always longed to be free.

Freckle’s explanation was a bit more interesting.

“I saw a small cat- I think his name was Spiderpaw- who had stepped on a thorn. Then a brown she-cat padded up with a few leaves in her jaws, and she pulled the thorn out with her teeth! Then she chewed the leaves up and put it on his paw. I want to know how to do that!”

Duskpaw gasped. Freckle wanted to become a medicine cat? She was a kittypet!

“The brown she-cat was our medicine cat, Leaffur. She knows a lot about healing herbs, and she shares knowledge with StarClan,” Frostpelt meowed.

“StarClan?” Freckle mewed. “Do you mean the starry cats that visit me in my dreams?”

“StarClan shares with kittypets?” Came Pinepaw’s astonished mew.

Freckle nodded. “A blue furred she-cat told me to come into the forest and find a cat named Featherstar, and join LightningClan. Does that make any sense to you?” She turned her bright blue gaze on Frostpelt. The white she-cat nodded.

“This is Featherstar, our leader,” She meowed, gesturing to Featherstar. “We’re LightningClan cats.” She hesitated, then added, “I think that the blue she-cat was Mistypool.” Her eyes clouded over in grief.

As the cats entered the camp, Featherstar leaped onto the highrock .

“Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather by the highrock for a clan meeting!” She yowled. She beckoned to the two kittypets with her tail, and Duskpaw went to sit beside Pinepaw and Silverpaw.

“We have found two young cats who have asked to join our clan, and I have decided to train them as apprentices.” A murmur of discontent washed through the clan, but every cat knew how much they needed new cats after the death of Whitestripe’s two kits and Mistypool.

“Ember,” she meowed, “ until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Emberpaw. Gingernose,” she met the gaze of the ginger warrior and continued, “you are well known in the clan for your courage and fighting skills. You will be mentor to Emberpaw.”

“Touch noses!” Silverpaw whispered to the new apprentice, and she quickly obliged.

“Freckle,” Featherstar turned to the other kittypet, “you will be known as Frecklepaw. Leaffur,” she nodded to the medicine cat, “it is this young cat’s wish to train as a medicine cat.” Outraged mews sounded from the crowd.

“A outsider medicine cat?” Blacktail raged.

“Tell them about your dream,” Featherstar urged the young cat. Frecklepaw launched into the story of her visit, with Mistypool telling her to join the clan.

“Mistypool wouldn’t lie,” Mosspelt choked, her voice blurred in grief.

Frecklepaw bounded over to touch noses with her elderly mentor, and retreated next to Emberpaw.

“There is one more ceremony to take place,” Featherstar meowed. “Firepaw, Sunpaw and Spiderpaw, please step forward.”

Their warrior ceremony! Duskpaw couldn’t help but feel envious.

“I, Featherstar, leader of LightningClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn.

“Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your clan, even at the cost of your life?”

“I do,” the three cats chorused, their eyes shining in excitement.

“Firepaw, from this moment forth you will be known as Firestorm. StarClan honors your courage and your enthusiasm, and we welcome you as a full member of LightningClan.” Featherstar rested her head on Firestorm’s head, and the new warrior licked her shoulder.

“Sunpaw, from this moment forth you will be known as Sunstrike. StarClan honors your thoughtfulness and your determination, and we welcome you as a full member of LightningClan.” Sunstrike repeated his littermate’s respectful actions, and stepped back.

“Spiderpaw, from this moment forth you will be known as Spiderfall. StarClan honors your courage and your strength, and we welcome you as a full member of LightningClan.”

“Firestorm! Sunstrike! Spiderfall!” The whole clan cheered up at the aspect of new warriors.

“Do you think Featherstar made the right decision in inviting the outsiders?” Duskpaw asked his father.

“Only time can tell,” Stormpelt replied.

//Firestorm! Spiderfall! Sunstrike!

I hope this keeps you busy for a while, because i'm going to be gone for a week or two!

Cats are still open!

@daydreamingcloud,Amberpaw will appear in chapter 5 and @catisawesome, Catface and Shadefur will appear in the next chapter!

Hope you liked it! Poor Littlekit and Bravekit (and Stripekit....)

Chapter Four

"Come on, Webfoot! You're joining our patrol!" Gingernose called. Webfoot sat up from where he was sharing a starling with Nightclaw. The sun had only just gone up, and the camp was lit alight with dawn light.

"Coming!" He called, and touched noses with the black she-cat. "Are you coming too?"

Nightclaw nodded. "It's you, me, Gingernose, Emberpaw, Stormpelt, Mousefoot and Leaftail. We're patrolling the StalkClan border," she mewed. Webfoot twined his tail with hers, and together they padded over to the gathering group of cats.

Stormpelt padded towards his brother, then turned away, pointedly looking at Nightclaw.

What? Webfoot thought. *You have Frostpelt, it's fair that I get to have a mate too, isn't it?*

"Why are we bringing so many cats on this patrol?" Gingernose asked.

"We're preparing for an ambush," Stormpelt replied, his voice grim. "You know how hostile StalkClan cats are acting; even patrolling the border is a huge risk. We need to be prepared."

"Perhaps we should bring Firestorm too," the ginger tom suggested, using his tail to point to the ginger and white she-cat lying next to the fresh-kill pile. The deputy shook his broad head.

"We'll bring Sunstrike instead," he meowed, beckoning the warrior to come over from the edge of the clearing, where he was sharing tongues with Silverpaw. It had been two moons since he had been made a warrior, and Silverpaw's littermates would become warriors soon, too.

He noticed that Stormpelt had chosen only levelheaded cats to join this patrol, in case of encountering a hostile enemy.

"Sorry Stormpelt, but i'm joining Frostpelt's hunting patrol with Owlfang and Sharpclaw, remember?" Sunstrike mewed, padding over to join the white she-cat.

"What about Blacktail?" Leaftail suggested.

"Blacktail," Stormpelt called to the white tom that was sprawled outside of the warriors' den, "I need you on this patrol more than Leopardfur does. Come on!"

The patrol headed out of the camp, towards the border. Emberpaw was bouncing up and down in excitement, her orange fur catching bits of twig. Webfoot had to admit that former kittypet was settling in well; she was already competition to Silverpaw in hunting. Gingernose was glad to have her to think about instead of his ex-mate, Sootfur, and her and Sharpclaw's kit, Mudkit.

The nursery is filling up, Webfoot realized. Mosspelt had moved to the nursery, expecting Owlfang's kits. But Poppykit and Cheetahkit would become apprentices in a moon, unfortunately without their littermates, Littlekit, Bravekit and Stripekit, whom had already joined StarClan.

"Do you think that we will meet a StalkClan patrol?" Nightclaw's meow snapped him out of his thoughts. Webfoot shrugged.

"We'll see," he meowed.

The patrol was nearing the StalkClan border, and as they got close to the owl tree, Stormpelt suddenly signaled for the patrol to crouch down. "Patrol!" He hissed. Webfoot dropped down and crouched behind a tree. The StalkClan patrol approached with Adderear in the lead. He recognized Badgerclaw and Shadefur falling in behind him.

At Stormpelt's command, the rest of the cats in the LightningClan patrol crept forwards, fanning out so they closed in on the enemy patrol. It was heading over the border onto LightningClan territory,

and Webfoot felt his claws slide out.

The deputy signaled for Blacktail and Emberpaw to back into the undergrowth as backup. The rest of the patrol retreated with them, and then advanced, tricking the StalkClan patrol into thinking that they had just arrived.

"What are you doing on LightningClan territory?" Stormpelt growled, addressing Adderear. The black tom flicked his ears, and meowed, "I'm sorry, but your scent marks are so faint that we accidentally crossed the border." His voice was coated in mock apology, and Webfoot felt a growl rumbling in his throat.

"We will not tolerate trespassing without a reason," the deputy pressed.

Adderear met Stormpelt's leaf green gaze with his own. The StalkClan warrior's amber gaze raked the patrol, landing on Leaftail for a moment before flitting away.

"StalkClan, attack!" He yowled. He sprang onto Webfoot, and Webfoot found himself knocked onto his back. He hissed in fury, and rolled over to rake Adderear's soft belly. The tom screeched and ripped away from his grip.

As Webfoot paused to watch the battle, he noticed with a gasp that Leaftail was grappling with Stormpelt.

He's your clanmate!

The tabby she-cat had the clan deputy pinned beneath her, and Webfoot's brother was trying desperately to throw her off. Leaftail hissed in fury, and dug her claws into Stormpelt's throat.

No!

Webfoot bunched his muscles and sprang at Leaftail, landing squarely on her back.

But it was too late.

Blood poured out of Stormpelt's throat, staining the grass red with

blood. Leaftail sheathed her blood stained claws, and sprang back into battle.

Stormpelt! How could you die?

Webfoot padded up to his brother's body, and buried his muzzle in his fur.

"Webfoot-" Stormpelt whispered, blood bubbling at his throat in effort. "Tell my family I love them."

"Stormpelt, no! It's not your time!" Webfoot wailed.

With a last gasp, Stormpelt closed his eyes.

Starlight filled the clearing, and Webfoot squinted his eyes against the bright rays.

"Mistypool? Is it you?" He called. The starry cat dipped her head.

"It was his destiny," She meowed, then led Stormpelt's spirit away.

Suddenly, Stormpelt turned around and meowed, "don't grieve, brother. We will meet again, in dreams. The best thing you can do now is help your clanmates in battle.

With a last sorrowful glance, he padded away.

Webfoot shook his head. He would honor Stormpelt by fighting in this battle.

He whipped around, and found Blacktail lunging at him.

"Blacktail?" He gasped. "What are you doing?" He saw nothing in the white tom's amber eyes but fury.

"Darkclaw was my mentor," he growled. "I need to avenge his death. He allied with StalkClan after his exile to destroy the mouse-hearted LightningClan, and make Featherstar regret her choice." Blacktail pressed Webfoot harder to the ground. "But he was cast out by Birchheart, and killed. He managed to earn Badgerclaw and Shadefur's support though, and they agreed to join this ambush.

That is why-" without another word, Webfoot surged upwards, using Emberpaw's favorite move.

Mousefoot flew onto her littermate's exposed stomach, and pinned him down. Blacktail's black tail lashed furiously, and they tumbled around as a screeching bundle of fur.

"Help!"

Webfoot turned around to see Emberpaw pressed against an oak tree, frantically raking Leaftail but gaining no ground.

Gingernose gave Shadefur one last cuff around the ear before dashing to help his apprentice. The pretty brown tabby lifted her paw to deliver the death blow.

"Pick on someone your own size!" He yowled, launching himself in front of his apprentice. Leaftail's blow landed on the ginger warrior, and he fell limp.

How many warriors will we lose? Webfoot thought despairingly as Leaftail watched Emberpaw try to rouse her mentor.

The battle was over. Nightclaw got up from where she was comforting the ginger apprentice, and padded over to her littermate.

"Leaftail!" She called. The brown tabby whipped around, her yellow eyes gleaming in triumph.

"Are you going to try to stop me too?" She meowed, tensing her muscles. To Webfoot's astonishment, his mate let out a purr.

"Of course not! Our father deserves to be avenged!"

Suddenly, Leaftail gasped. "Where's Blacktail?" She asked about her former mentor. Mousefoot stepped out of the crowd, shuddering.

"He fell off the cliff," she meowed, her voice low. Webfoot suddenly remembered that they had been littermates.

Nightclaw padded over to Leaftail. "I was thinking-" she began,

leaning in to her littermate.

"Go on," Leaftail meowed.

Suddenly, Nightclaw unsheathed her claws and threw Leaftail to the ground, pressing her claws to the tabby's throat.

"Featherstar should know about your treachery. You killed two of the clan's bravest warriors- i'm sure she'll want to know," the black she-cat growled. Nightclaw beckoned to Emberpaw, and had her hold Leaftail down.

"You," Nightclaw meowed, her green gaze raking the StalkClan patrol, "hurry along back to camp. Remember," she warned, "you don't want Nettlestar to find out about your *Mistake,* do you? Keep quiet," Nightclaw growled, and hissed at Adderear before sending them away.

"We better carry Stormpelt and Gingernose back to camp," she turned to Webfoot and meowed, her eyes filled with sorrow. Numb, Webfoot forced his head to nod.

He trudged over to his brother's limp body, already growing cold. Crouching down, Nightclaw lifted the former deputy onto his back, and began the weary trudge back to camp. The slender black she-cat was struggling under Gingernose's weight, but Emberpaw was needed to keep a close guard on Leaftail, who kept to the middle of the group.

"Stormpelt! What happened?" Frostpelt called, at the head of her hunting patrol. They were carrying little prey, due to the leaf-bare frost. The white she-cat dropped her thrush, and bounded over to her unmoving mate. Sunstrike came up to his father, jaws gaped in disbelief.

"Gingernose? No!" He wailed.

"How did this happen?" Owlfang called, his voice calm above the wailing. As Emberpaw filled the brown warrior in on the battle, Webfoot saw Sharpclaw bound over to his littermates. As the tom bent to touch noses with Leaftail, Nightclaw hissed and pushed him

away.

"She betrayed StalkClan!" Nightclaw whispered fiercely, glaring at her sister. Leaftail sat in the middle of the cluster of cats, growling at anyone who even so much as glanced at her. She pressed her ears against her head, baring her teeth. Sharpclaw listened, shocked, as Nightclaw meowed about Leaftail's lies and revenge.

"It's up to Featherstar to decide what to do," he meowed, unsheathing his long claws and digging them into the earth.

"if we stay out here any longer we'll all catch whitecough!" Nightclaw exclaimed, and rounded everyone back to camp. Webfoot felt dizzy.

Stormpelt can't be gone! He was going to be Stormstar!

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Featherstar padded out of her den, then pushed her muzzle into the former deputy's fur. Nightclaw pressed against Webfoot, keeping him company for the night vigil. Mosspelt let out a wail as she saw Stormpelt's body.

"Not so soon after Mistypool!" she murmured, her swollen belly making it hard for her to lie down next to him.

"May you find good hunting, swift running, and shelter where you sleep," Leopardfur murmured, mourning his brother's death.

"Who do you think the new deputy will be?" Nightclaw asked, clearly trying to lighten the mood.

"Owlfang, perhaps," Leopardfur meowed.

"It could be you," Webfoot meowed to the golden warrior.

His reply was cut of by an ear-splitting yowl.

"May all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high rock for a clan meeting!" Featherstar yowled.

"What now?" Littleclaw muttered, crawling out of the elder's den. Whitestripe lifted her head up from where she was crouched with her kits, quietly mourning Blacktail's death.

"The time has come to name a new deputy," Featherstar meowed. "But before this, I have some unfortunate news to share with you." The white she-cat's icy gaze landed on Leaftail. "We have traitors in the clan!" Outraged yowls met her announcement.

"Leaftail, step forward." The brown tabby walked up to her leader, suspicious glares scorching her pelt.

"From this moment forward, you are no longer a warrior. You will be known as Leaf. Leaf has broken the warrior code by allying with StalkClan to destroy our clan. She did this to take revenge for her father, but that does not make it the least bit right. Owlfang," Featherstar called to her most senior warrior, "you will guard her. She will be confined to the rotten oak, and any cat may tell her what to do."

The clan fell silent as the brown tom led Leaf to her shelter.

"Blacktail, who had been Leaftail's allegiance, has paid for his wrong by death. There is no need to judge him anymore." Featherstar shook herself, as if clearing her mind. "But there is a new deputy to be named today. I say these words before the body of Stormpelt, so that his spirit may hear and approve of my choice. Nightclaw will be the new deputy of LightningClan."

The black she-cat's eyes grew as round as moons, and Webfoot pressed against his mate.

"Nightclaw! Nightclaw!" The clan cheered. Although she was young, she was popular in the clan.

Leaf watched her sister from across the clearing with narrowed eyes. Webfoot shuddered. *It can't be good to have an evil sister!*

As he watched, Leaf muttered something under her breath. Straining his ears, he caught the last few words.

"..... you just wait, Nightclaw, you just wait."

//Leaftail's evil!! Sorry that I haven't updated in a while, I've been at camp/Korea.
The next chapter, which I've almost finished :) will be from Frecklepaw's pov. Remember her?
Chapter 5 should be out by Saturday afternoon!!
I hope you liked this chapter!

Chapter Five

Hey! If you're reading this, please comment and tell me what you think about this book! I decided to put this stuff in the beginning of the chapter now because no one seemed to be reading it when I put it at the end :'(

Anyways, as I promised, here is chapter five!

“Frecklepaw! Come quick!” Leaffur’s panicked meow woke Frecklepaw from her slumber.

“What is it?” She meowed, blinking the sleep from her eyes.

“Mosspelt’s having her kits!”

Frecklepaw sprang up from her nest. She put her paw into the herb clefts, and drew out a shriveled raspberry leaf. *Not much, but I hope it is enough.*

Padding to the nursery in the dim morning light, Frecklepaw heard panting. Pushing into the fern den, she could make out the gray shape of Mosspelt on the ground. It had been a half moon since Leaf’s betrayal was revealed, and Mosspelt’s kits were long overdue.

“Good, you’re here,” Leaffur meowed, shifting over to make space for Frecklepaw.

“How is she?” The medicine cat apprentice asked. It wasn’t her first kitting; she had helped Sootfur give birth, but the gray she-cat had not needed much help.

“Fine, but we could use that raspberry leaf,” her mentor replied, reaching over to snag the furry leaf with her claws. “In the meantime, you can go check on Featherstar.”

Frecklepaw felt her heart sink. LightningClan was suffering from a bout of whitecough, and Featherstar was one of the worst affected. Poppykit had fallen ill, as well as Pinepaw, Whitefur and Spiderfall.

Mousefoot wasn't feeling well either. The affected cats had all moved to the elder's den, and Littleclaw was bedding down with the apprentices.

"Do we have any catmint left?" She asked. The precious herb would usually be saved for the deadly greencough, but Featherstar was on her last life, and needed access to emergency provisions.

Leaffur nodded. "Not much though, so tell me before you use it. We can ask the other medicine cats for more at the half moon gathering tonight," she added.

Frecklepaw padded over to the elder's den, stopping on the way to check on Leaf. A quarter moon ago, the she-cat had been revealed to be expecting Blacktail's kits. Featherstar had ordered Leaffur to look after the prisoner, and ensure she could deliver a healthy litter of kits.

"The kits are innocent," she had said.

Now the brown tabby she-cat was dozing in her nest, her slightly protruding belly pushed to one side. Careful not to disturb her, Frecklepaw poked her nose into the elder's den.

The scent of illness was overwhelming, and Frecklepaw carefully picked her way through the sleeping cats. None of them were doing very well, but she was especially worried about Poppykit. She was only five moons old, and wasn't strong enough to fight the disease.

Pressing her paw to the little she-kit's body, she realized that Poppykit was contracting a strong fever. Hurrying back to the medicine den, she took a leaf from the pitiful supply of feverfew and rushed back to the elder's den.

She isn't strong enough to survive if this bout becomes greencough, so I hope this is enough. Frecklepaw couldn't bear to think about telling Whitestripe that another one of her litter was gone.

"I'm thirsty!" Poppykit croaked, mewling in fever when Frecklepaw woke her.

"Hush, little one. I'll get you water soon," she meowed, stroking the

golden she-kit's head. "But first you have to eat these to feel better," Frecklepaw meowed as she pushed the feverfew towards the kit.

Poppykit opened her jaws as if she was about to protest, but decided she didn't have enough energy and gulped the herb down, screwing her face up at the bitter taste. Settling down, the kit fell into a shallow sleep.

I'm going to need help, Frecklepaw thought as she surveyed her patients. They would all need water, and new moss. Padding out to the apprentice den, she woke Silverpaw. The she-cat sat up, and shook the moss from her pelt.

"It's you," Silverpaw meowed, obviously surprised to by woken up at the middle of the night. "Is something wrong?"

"Mosspelt's kitting, and I need help to look after the cats with greencough. Will you help?" Silverpaw immediately got up, and went outside to soak up bundles of moss. Frecklepaw was glad her friend would help. Silverpaw would be a warrior soon, but she obviously didn't mind helping out at apprentice duties.

Carefully trying not to disturb Littleclaw and Duskpaw, Frecklepaw padded out into the clearing.

"How is she?" Owlfang asked, stopping her as she went to fetch more feverfew for Pinepaw. The brown warrior had been pacing in front of the nursery since Silverpaw had roused him, and his green eyes were sparking with concern.

Frecklepaw shrugged. "I'll go check," she meowed, and plunged into the den.

Two tiny bundles were snuggled into the curve of Mosspelt's stomach, and Leaffur was feeding the queen borage.

"All done," the medicine cat meowed, triumph evident in her voice.

"They're beautiful!" Frecklepaw squealed. "I'll go get Owlfang."

Poking her head out of the den, she called to the brown warrior.

“Owlfang, come see your kits!”

“What’s wrong with them? Why do they have no eyes?” Mudkit asked, crawling out of Sootfur’s nest.

“They haven’t opened yet, dear,” his mother replied. “You looked like that a little while ago!”

“Yeah! I saw you!” Cheetahkit squeaked, joining in the debate.

“Did not!” Mudkit shot back.

“Did too!”

Frecklepaw rolled her eyes. *Kits!*

At least Owlfang and Sharpclaw expanded the nursery to make room for the new litter.

“Two toms,” Owlfang was meowing to Mosspelt. “What should we call them?”

“How about Wolfkit and Thrushkit?” Mosspelt suggested, drowsily lifting her head.

“Those are great names!” Owlfang purred, and pressed up against his mate.

“So how are the cats with whitecough?” Leaffur asked.

Frecklepaw sighed. “Poppykit has a bad fever- I gave her some feverfew, but it doesn’t seem to be going down. Pinepaw and Spiderfall seem to be getting better, but I think Whitefur has caught greencough. Mousefoot’s fever has cleared, and I think she can resume warrior duties in a quarter moon.”

“What about Featherstar?” Leaffur prompted.

“She was asleep, and I didn’t want to wake her.”

“Well, let’s go now.”

Dawn had arrived, and Nightclaw was standing on the highrock

dividing the patrols for the day. With so many cats ill, it was harder and harder for patrols to bring back decent hauls of prey. Stopping to take one of the five leaves of catmint in the store, she and her mentor climbed up into Featherstar's den.

"Do you think you could excuse Silverpaw from duties? She was up all night helping me with the sick cats," she meowed to the deputy, who dipped her head.

Pushing through the hanging lichen, Frecklepaw saw Featherstar sprawled out in her nest, her breathing quick and shallow.

"Has she caught greencough?" Frecklepaw asked, not wanting to know the answer. Leaffur nodded.

"Featherstar?" Frecklepaw meowed. The old white she-cat lifted her head.

"Eat this leaf, you'll feel better afterwards," Leaffur meowed, pushing the catmint towards her leader.

"I have greencough, don't I?" Featherstar asked. Leaffur dipped her head, the medicine cat looking older than ever.

"Frecklepaw," Leaffur meowed as she turned to leave the den, "you go to the meeting tonight. I have to stay back to look after the sick cats." The brown she-cat sighed and added, "I don't think that my old bones will carry me that far."

"But-"

"No buts. Ask the other medicine cats for catmint. Oh, and you can go looking for coltsfoot, we can use as much as we can get," Leaffur called as she slipped away. Frecklepaw sighed. She followed her mentor out, and stepped away as the brown she-cat padded into the elder's den.

"Whitefur!" Leaffur gasped. Afraid to see what lay inside, Frecklepaw squeezed in next to her mentor.

The elderly white tom lay on his side. As the medicine cats moved closer, he opened his milky eyes, struggling to focus on Frecklepaw.

“Web...Bluefur...kits...” he gasped, before shutting his eyes for the last time. His chest rose once, then stopped.

Frecklepaw dipped her head. She had never gotten to know the elder very well, but she knew from Silverpaw that he had been very wise and experienced.

If only I had tried harder, Frecklepaw thought, shaking her head in dismay.

As Webfoot and Littleclaw carried the lifeless white tom out into the clearing, Frecklepaw and Leaffur inspected the remaining sick cats. She was listening to Pinepaw’s breathing when a sharp wail interrupted her.

“Whitefur!” Featherstar cried, staggering over to her littermate. “No! How-” she was cut off by a bout of coughing, and Leaffur bounded over to herd her leader back to Featherstar’s den.

“You need to stay strong,” Leaffur murmured to the old white she-cat. “Your clan still needs you.”

Frecklepaw padded over to Poppykit, and tensed when she felt the little kit’s forehead. The fever wasn’t easing, but she writhed around less in her sleep, and her breathing was steady. While she dripped water into Poppykit’s jaws, she couldn’t help thinking about Whitefur’s final words. Bluefur was StreamClan’s medicine cat-perhaps she needed cobweb to treat a kit’s fatal wound? But wouldn’t she be able to treat the kit herself?

“Emberpaw!” Frecklepaw called to her best friend, who was sharing tongues with Duskpaw at the other end of the camp. The ginger she-cat pricked her ears and padded over.

“What is it?” She mewed.

“Can you and Duskpaw come with me to find coltsfoot?”

“Sure! Let me just go and ask Owlfang,” Emberpaw replied, and padded over to her new mentor who was pacing in front of Leaf’s nest.

The three apprentices padded over to the StreamClan border, where a clump of feverfew grew. Suddenly, Emberpaw stopped.

“Rabbit!” She hissed, and pointed to a white tail bobbing a few fox-lengths in front. Duskpaw and Emberpaw both dropped into hunting crouches, and disappeared into the undergrowth.

Frecklepaw continued padding to the border, following Amberpaw’s scent. *She must be out here collecting herbs, too.*

“Amberpaw!” She called, waving her tail. The golden tabby she-cat whipped around, and greeted Frecklepaw with a friendly dip of her head.

“How’s LightningClan?” Amberpaw asked, her yellow eyes suddenly full of concern.

“Not so well. We’re suffering from a bout of whitecough,” Frecklepaw explained, carefully leaving out the fact that Featherstar was ill.

“That’s horrible!” Her friend exclaimed. “Luckily, StreamClan is fine.”

“So, how is Bluefur?” Frecklepaw asked. *Perhaps I can find out what Whitefur was meowing about.*

Amberpaw shrugged. “Just the same, but she recovered from her plumpness!” She meowed happily.

“Really? Did she show any signs of taking too much fresh kill? When did she start fattening up? I don’t think that there’s enough prey for that,” she hastily added, trying to sound nonchalant.

Amberpaw looked thoughtful. “About six moons ago. Willowfur said that Bluefur was looking heavy two seasons ago too.”

Frecklepaw felt pleased. She had found out something new about the mystery.

Could it be that the medicine cat was stealing fresh kill? But what did that have to do with kits and webs?

“Well, I better go,” Frecklepaw mewed, nibbling a few stems off the clump of coltsfoot. “See you at the gathering tonight!”

Bidding farewell to the other medicine cat apprentice, Frecklepaw was deep in thought.

Who else knows about this mystery?

So, how was it? Please comment and vote! it'll make my day :D!

Chapter Six

Yay! More chapters of love! Please comment and vote!

“Featherstar! No!” *How can this be happening, so soon after Whitefur and Spiderfall’s deaths?*

Nightclaw winced as she saw the elderly she-cat’s breathing grew more and more shallow. She looked helplessly at Leaffur, who just shook her head.

“There’s nothing we can do now; she’s been suffering from greencough for two sunrises, and joining StarClan will reunite her with Whitefur.”

The black she-cat stared at the medicine cat, shocked. “But i’m not ready to be leader! I’ve only been deputy for a half-moon! There has to be someone else to take my place! Perhaps Leopard-”

“No, Nightclaw.” Frecklepaw’s quiet mew silenced her. “I’ve only been part of this clan for a few moons, but a blind rabbit could tell that you’d make a good leader. Honor Featherstar’s choice, and lead LightningClan.”

“I’ve always believed in you,” Featherstar rasped, her blue eyes glazing over. “Don’t fail me now.”

There must be something I can do! Nightclaw watched on, helpless. Frecklepaw pressed her muzzle into Featherstar’s flank, and then sat up, her eyes filled with sadness.

“She’s gone.”

Nightclaw suppressed the urge to wail like a kit who had lost her mother.

“You better go tell the clan,” Leaffur urged, nudging Nightclaw out onto the highrock. Nightclaw shook her head, then took a few deep breaths.

My clan needs me now.

“I’m always here for you, Nightclaw,” Webfoot meowed to her before turning away.

“All cats that are old enough to catch their own prey, gather beneath the highrock for a clan meeting. Featherstar is dead,” Nightclaw announced, watching as a wave of sadness passed through the assembled cats.

“She was a great leader,” Frostpelt stepped up and mewed.

“She invited us to join the clan,” Emberpaw added.

“We’ll never forget her.”

“Featherstar was my mentor, i’ll always remember what I learned from her,” Duskpaw meowed.

“Featherstar died? Can I see her?” Wolfkit squealed, bouncing out of the nursery. Mosspelt, who was sitting with Owlfang near Leaf’s den, immediately got up and herded the tiny gray tom closer to her. Thrushkit peeped out from where he was tucked behind his mother.

“I bet she looks ugly!” The brown kit squeaked.

“Hush!” Mosspelt hissed, flashing an apologetic glance to Nightclaw. She let out a mrrow of amusement.

“Nightstar! Nightstar!” Poppykit mewed.

“I can’t be called that yet until I receive my nine lives from StarClan. We leave tonight, if that’s alright with you, Leaffur.” The old she-cat dipped her head.

“The first thing I need to do as leader is appoint a deputy. Owlfang will be the new deputy of LightningClan.” The brown tom’s eyes shone with pride as he padded up to Nightclaw.

It was a good choice. Owlfang is the most senior warrior, and he is respected by everyone.

“Thank you. I promise to do my best,” he meowed, accepting his new role in the clan.”

“My father is the clan deputy!” Wolfkit boasted.

“Nightclaw! Owlfang! Nightclaw! Owlfang!”

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“Are you ready, Nightclaw?” Leaffur asked. They had reached mother mouth, and Nightclaw was approaching the moonstone. It shone with the light of a million suns, and for a second Nightclaw felt scared.

“Don’t be afraid- let the spirits of our ancestors guide you,” Leaffur advised, as if she could tell what Nightclaw was feeling. Taking a deep breath, she pressed her nose to the stone.

Blinking open her eyes, she was stunned by the bright rays of light coming from every direction. A starry figure walked towards her, her body made out of shimmering starlight.

“Fallownose?”

Nightclaw’s mother dipped her head. “I told you that we’d meet again. I am so proud of you, my daughter.” Her blue eyes clouded. “Darkclaw may have hurt me, but without him there would be no you. I regret nothing.” Nightclaw choked back a sob when she remembered how her father had murdered Fallownose when Nightclaw was only a kit.

The light-brown she-cat rested her chin on top of her daughter’s head. “With this life I give you faith. Use this to guide you in the darkest of times- when all seems lost, remember this moment and trust your heart-and StarClan-to lead you out into the light.”

Painful spasms gripped Nightclaw’s body, and she unsheathed her claws and dug them into the starry ground. *Will all of my lives hurt this much? How will I bear it?*

“Don’t go!” She wailed when Fallownose turned to leave.

“Peace, my dear daughter. We will meet again in dreams,” Fallownose meowed, before padding away.

The next cat had long white fur that flowed when he walked. “Whitefur?” Nightclaw gasped. This cat was young and strong, muscles rippling along his body- so unlike the Whitefur that had passed a few sunrises ago. The tom dipped his head.

“You didn’t think that i’d stay old and patchy even in StarClan, did you?” He meowed, amusement lighting his gaze. Stepping forwards, he touched his nose to Nightclaw’s head.

“With this life I give you wisdom. Use it to guide your footsteps to the right path- to make the right choices, and lead you away from the shadows.” Nightclaw braced herself for the agonizing pain, and she was ready when it came. She was surprised when she realized that the pain wasn’t so bad this time-she felt the comforting murmur of the clan’s elders whispering into her ears.

She felt a pang of sadness when she saw the next cat padding up to give her a life. The former deputy dipped his head.

“It should have been you,” she whispered, so quiet that she could barely hear herself. “I’m so sorry.”

“With this life I give you tireless energy,” Stormpelt announced. “Use it to keep you going during the longest of nights.”

This life filled Nightclaw from nose to tail tip with pent up flames, and she felt as if she could race all the way over to the darkest forest and back without stopping.

Nightclaw rejoiced when she recognized the cat padding up to greet her.

“Is that you, Mistypool?”

“With this life I give you compassion. Use this to care for the weaker cats in your clan, and to know when to give them help. Every cat in your clan is as important as the strongest warrior.”

Nightclaw felt this life as the relief of drinking fresh water after

days of thirst, and every drop of the beautiful she-cat's gift filled her veins with the impulse to care for each feeble kit and bumbling elder.

"Bravekit!" Nightclaw gasped as the little tom padded up to her.

"They said I could give you a life, so mine is for bravery. Use this to help you fight your fears, and know that you are not alone, for StarClan is always at your side." The little tabby tom spoke with wisdom beyond his years. *I wish I could tell Whitestripe that her son is well.*

Nightclaw stooped down so that the kit could rest his muzzle on top of Nightclaw's head, and she was unprepared for the blinding of light and the absolute terror she felt. Nightclaw knew that she was experiencing Bravekit's feelings in his final moments.

The next cat that padded up the line was unknown to her. It was a gorgeous silver tabby, and her blue eyes reflected the starlight.

"You won't know me," the she-cat meowed, padding up to Nightclaw. "I am a cat that walks different skies; you don't know about SkyClan, do you?" *SkyClan? What is she meowing about?* Nightclaw shook her head.

"I am Petalnose. SkyClan is a group of cats that live far away, near the gorge. I have to privilege to grant you one of your nine lives." *I wonder how they live? Do they follow the warrior code, too?*

The silver she-cat rested her muzzle on top of her head. "With this life I give you loyalty to what you know is right. Use this to fight for justice, and help you uncover the truth, even through a web of lies." This life felt like a beautiful lily blossoming inside of her, and at the same time a fierce anger burning in her paws.

The next cat walking up the aisle was a ginger tom, his broad shoulders rippling with muscle. "With this life I give you justice. Use this gift to judge every single one of your clanmates fairly, regardless of size, status or clan."

Nightclaw tore the earth up around her as spasms rocked her back

and forth. She fought to stay rooted to the ground, and when she looked up, Gingernose was still there.

“Tell my kits that I miss them,” he meowed gently, his mournful eyes reflecting the moon. The ginger tom sighed before padding away.

Nightclaw felt a fresh wave of grief for all of the brave warrior’s losses- first his mate, then himself, and his kit, Spiderfall. *Leaf, you don’t know how much loss you caused everyone! You’re my sister- how could you do this?*

As if her thoughts had summoned him, Spiderfall padded up to greet her.

“I-i’m sorry you had to leave us,” Nightclaw meowed, bowing her head. *You were only just made a warrior- you had your whole life ahead of you.*

His green eyes were shadowed with sadness. “At least I can be reunited with my father.” Shaking his white patched black head as if he was clearing his thoughts, he rested his muzzle on top of Nightclaw’s head.

“With this life I give you mentoring. Use it to guide the youngest members in your clan- to turn each helpless little kit into a strong warrior. When Mousefoot was ill, I received this gift from you- now it is time for you to do the same for every kit in the nursery. Cherish it well, for the young cats are the future of your clan.”

The impulse to grow and learn rocked Nightclaw back and forth, and she remembered what it was like to be a kit, and how eager she had felt to learn and see everything.

Where’s the last cat? I am going to have nine lives, right?

Suddenly, a beautiful feather white she-cat padded up to Nightclaw. Her soft pelt rippled as she walked, and her blue eyes were as clear as the freshest spring.

“Featherstar?” The former leader dipped her head.

“With this life I give you love. I always felt as though you were my daughter, Nightclaw. I hail you by your new name, Nightstar. Your old life is now no more. You have received the nine lives of a leader, and StarClan grants you the guardianship of LightningClan. Defend it well; care for young and old; honor your ancestors and the traditions of the warrior code; live each life with pride and dignity.”

“Nightstar! Nightstar!”

I will do my best, I promise.

So how was it? Don't forget to comment and vote :)

Since i'm starting school tomorrow D: chapter 7 should be out by next weekend- but please don't hate me if it takes longer!

Also, i've updated the FAQ... if you have any questions, go and check it out!

Thanks for reading!

~Alliehuang

Chapter Seven

//Yay! New update!

I'm planning for this book to have 11-13 chapters, so only 4-6 to go! Don't worry, there WILL be sequels!

Thank you for sticking with me for all this time!

-Alliehuang

“From this moment forth you will be known as Duskfoot. StarClan honors your courage and your intelligence, and we welcome you as a full member of LightningClan.” Duskfoot quivered in excitement as Nightstar rested her muzzle on his head, and licked her shoulder in respect.

“Pinesplash! Silverstorm! Duskfoot! Pinesplash! Silverstorm! Duskfoot!”

Duskfoot stood next to his littermates and puffed his chest out in pride. Nightstar had only been the leader for one moon, but she had insisted on making Duskfoot and his littermates warriors as soon as possible. Featherstar hadn’t been around to finish his warrior training; so even though he had spent the last moons preforming warrior duties, it was nice to have his official name at last.

“We have one more ceremony to preform today,” Nightstar meowed, silencing the cheering. “Poppykit,Cheetahkit and Mudkit have reached their sixth moon, and it is time for them to become apprentices.” Poppykit let out a squeal from the other side of the clearing, and Whitestripe quickly pushed her tail into the little kit’s mouth to silence her.

I’m glad she recovered... only a little while ago we were all worried that she would join StarClan.

“Poppykit, step forward.” The golden she-kit padded up, unable to

resist a little bounce of joy. “This apprentice will be known as Poppypaw. Frostpelt,” Nightstar meowed, making the white she-cat look up in surprise, “you will mentor her. Share with this apprentice your intelligence and skill, and help her become a worthy warrior of LightningClan.” The new apprentice and mentor touched noses, and retreated to the side.

“Mudkit,” Nightstar continued, “you will be known as Mudpaw. Sharpclaw, you will mentor Mudpaw. Share with him your patience and spirit, to make him a worthy warrior of LightningClan.” The black tom looked thoroughly surprised to be named a mentor, and eagerly bounced forward to greet his new apprentice.

“Owlfang, you will mentor Cheetahpaw.” The brown deputy blinked as he touched noses with his apprentice, and Duskfoot noticed that there were gray whiskers surrounding his muzzle.

Duskfoot couldn’t help being disappointed. He knew he was far too young to mentor an apprentice; he had only been made a warrior today! But he really wanted to be able to train a kit to become a strong warrior.

Perhaps in a few seasons.

“Congratulations, Duskfoot!” Frostpelt purred. “I wish Stormpelt could be here to see you now.” Duskfoot saw his mother’s amber eyes cloud in sadness. He pressed his muzzle into Frostpelt’s flank.

Nightstar leaped down from the highrock. “You three will keep vigil over the camp tonight. Owlfang will wake you at dawn.” Duskfoot dipped his head in respect as the jet black she-cat padded away to talk to Webfoot.

Pinesplash parted his jaws to speak, but Silverstorm silenced him with a glare.

As Duskfoot settled down near the entrance of camp, the first snows began to fall.

Snows in newleaf? It’s going to be a long night.

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“Hey, Duskfoot! Are you free to join the moon-high patrol?” Owlfang rasped, his voice hoarse. *He’s getting old.* Duskfoot shook his head.

“I’m going to the gathering tonight,” he meowed. The deputy waved his tail to show that he had heard.

Duskfoot padded over to the apprentice’s den to take a rest. *I know that i’ve already been a warrior for a moon, but I keep on making this stupid mistake!* He quickly changed direction and headed to the warrior's den instead.

“Oww!” He exclaimed. Silverstorm whipped around from where she was sharing a dove with Sunstrike.

“Are you hurt?” His littermate meowed, her green eyes filled with anxiety. Duskfoot lifted his paw, examining the snow encrusted ground. Peering at his paw, he noticed a thistle poking out of the center of his pad.

“Just a thistle.”

“Go to Leaffur to get it seen to!” Silverstorm called over her shoulder. Duskfoot nodded and limped over to the medicine cat den.

Poking his head through the hanging ferns, he called, “Leaffur? Are you there?”

“No,” Frecklepaw replied, “but I am.” The pretty black-spotted white she-cat put down the dock leaves she was counting and padded over. “What’s wrong?”

“There’s a thistle in my pad,” Duskfoot admitted, lifting his pad up. Frecklepaw licked it, and then closed her teeth on the thistle to pull it out. Duskfoot winced as blood trickled out of the wound.

“This is going to take a while, so you may as well get comfortable,” the medicine cat apprentice meowed. He sighed and settled down. Frecklepaw padded over to the clefts where she stored her herbs, and put her paw into a hole. Withdrawing her paw, Duskfoot noticed that she had some yellow stuff of different shades stuck to

it. He parted his jaws to ask what it was, but then shut them with a snap. *Just some dumb old medicine cat stuff, probably.*

As Frecklepaw started mixing the herbs, she asked, “Do you think Webfoot is acting strange lately? I think he might be worried about something,” the she-cat quickly added, obviously trying hard to sound nonchalant. Duskfoot tipped his head to one side.

“Did you receive a prophecy?” He guessed. Frecklepaw sighed and shook her head.

“I guess it’ll be nice to finally confide in someone,” the black and white she-cat muttered under her breath, so quietly that Duskfoot could barely hear her. Straightening up, she took a deep breath. “Well, when Whitefur died, his final words were kind of- strange,” the medicine cat began. Pricking his ears, Duskfoot sat up, and winced as he tried to stand on his hurt paw. Frecklepaw ushered him down with a wave of her tail, and Duskfoot happily obliged.

“He said something about a web, kits and Bluefur. I’m assuming that web is Webfoot...” her voice trailed off, and she stared at her paws. “But I haven’t exactly found out much about the mystery. I asked Amberpaw about Bluefur, but she only said that her mentor was taking lots of fresh kill and fattening up- and that Bluefur is back to being lithe and thin.”

Duskfoot closed his eyes in thought. If web really meant Webfoot, then could it be possible that... Webfoot and Bluefur had kits?! It would really explain Bluefur’s added weight. But Webfoot was loyal through and through- Duskfoot couldn’t imagine him with a cat from another clan, let alone a medicine cat! But Bluefur- she seemed like the bouncy type, and Duskfoot felt that her having kits was a real possibility. He voiced his suggestions and thoughts to Frecklepaw, who’s eyes glistened in triumph.

“Great! We can talk to cats in the gathering tonight!” She exclaimed. “Oh, I almost forgot- Amberpaw also said that Bluefur was looking plump two seasons ago, too. So perhaps she has two litters of kits!”

Duskfoot quietly had his doubts, but nodded anyways. Frecklepaw

plastered one last cobweb onto his injured pad, which now had a goldenrod-marigold poultice on it. Waving his tail, in farewell, he padded out of the den.

“Hey, Duskfoot!” Pinesplash called from across the clearing, where he was sharing tongues with Firestorm. *I bet a moon of dawn patrols that a certain ginger she-cat will be expecting kits soon.*

“Are you coming to the gathering tonight?” Duskfoot nodded.

“Great! We’re leaving now!” Pinesplash exclaimed, twining his tail with Firestorm’s as they padded to the group gathering at the entrance of camp. Duskfoot felt a twinge of envy. *I wish that Frecklepaw and I could be together- but it could never happen. She’s a medicine cat!*

Emberpaw bounced up to join the patrol with her mentor, Owlfang.

“Hi Duskfoot! Are you excited for your first gathering as a warrior?” The apprentice chirped. The thought hadn’t even struck him yet, and Duskfoot shivered in excitement.

“I can’t wait until i’m a warrior,” Emberpaw added. Duskfoot gave her a lick on the head.

“I’m sure it’ll be soon. You’ve already completed your final assessments, haven’t you?” Duskfoot reassured her. Forgetting her ill temper, Emberpaw dashed off to chat to Frecklepaw.

“Duskfoot, can we walk together?” Pinesplash’s mew jolted him out of his thoughts, and he nodded in agreement.

“So how are you and Firestorm getting along?” Duskfoot teased. Pinesplash looked embarrassed.

“Is it really that obvious?” The brown-red tom meowed, shuffling his paws. Duskfoot playfully shoved his littermate.

“I've been meaning to tell you for a while now... She’s expecting my kits!” Pinesplash announced, puffing his chest out in pride.Duskfoot widened his eyes in surprise. *We only just became warriors!* But of

course he was happy for his brother.

“Congratulations!” He purred. “When are the kits due?”

“In a moon.”

“That’s great news. LightningClan can always use more young cats,” Owlfang overheard and rasped.

“Silverstorm should be expecting soon, too,” Pinesplash meowed and pointed his tail to his littermate who was talking to Sunstrike, their pelts brushing. Silverstorm’s pelt shone like stars in the moonlight.

All of my littermates are making families, Duskfoot thought. *I wish I could make one with Frecklepaw.*

“What about you, Duskfoot? I noticed Emberpaw staring at you at dawn,” Pinesplash teased.

“Emberpaw’s just a friend,” Duskfoot retorted, his face hot. *It’s her best friend that I really like.*

“Hey Duskfoot!” Frecklepaw called as they approached the gathering hollow, otherwise known as fourtrees. “Remember our plan!” Duskfoot twitched his tail in return.

First he climbed a tree to take a good look at the StreamClan cats. Oakstar was perched on the great rock, but oddly Nightwhisper, the StreamClan deputy, was not sitting at the foot; Gingerpelt, a ginger tabby she-cat, was there in his place. StalkClan and SwiftClan had not yet arrived. Duskfoot pinpointed Bluefur and Amberpaw sitting with Frecklepaw and Leaffur, and Duskfoot scanned the crowed for a cat that looked like Bluefur- or a cat that Bluefur kept looking at. Both Waterclaw and Minnowtail shared the medicine cat’s blue-gray fur, but they were far too old to be her kits. Shifting his gaze over to the apprentices, Duskfoot noticed that Icepaw and Riverpaw both looked a lot like Bluefur. *Perhaps they are her kits! But who is their father; and Bluefur’s other litter?*

Shootingstar let out a yowl to signal her clan’s arrival. The golden tabby she-cat leapt onto the rock, neatly landing next to Nightstar.

The two she-cats quietly conversed, while Oakstar unsheathed his claws and raked them on the rock in impatience. Lionflight quickly joined Owlfang and Gingerpelt.

Cinderfoot purred and rubbed muzzles with Bluefur, while Leaffur exchanged a glance with Amberpaw. It was obviously more affectionate than a normal greeting. *Maybe he's the father.*

Suddenly, Birchheart loped into the clearing, with Graystorm and Spottedpool close behind. Duskfoot was surprised when the brown she-cat jumped up to join the other leaders, and Graystorm joined the deputies.

Nettlestar must have passed away.

The StalkClan cats poured into the clearing, and Duskfoot made his way down the tree he was in. Weaving his way to join Icepaw, he sat down. Icepaw gave him a friendly nod.

Oakstar let out an earsplitting yowl to signal that the gathering was about to start. Instantly, all of the cats in the crowd quieted down. First, Birchheart stepped forward.

"Nettlestar was missing, and we found his scent along with blood and fox in a clearing. I sent a patrol to track the fox down, but we lost it's scent trail. We didn't find his body, but according to the warrior code I am now the new leader of StalkClan. I have already gone to the Moonstone to receive my eight- nine, I mean, lives," She meowed.

"Birchstar! Birchstar! Birchstar!" The clans cheered.

"We have one new warrior- Grasslight." Duskfoot saw a white she-cat with striking green eyes lift her head up in pride, puffing her chest out.

As the cheers died down, Birchstar continued. "We also have two new apprentices- Mountainpaw and Jaggedpaw have reached their sixth moons."

A dark gray tom with black paws and tail tip shuffled his paws in embarrasment, and a brown tom flattened his ears against his head,

but their eyes sparkled in joy.

“StalkClan has nothing more to report,” Birchstar finished and stepped away, and Oakstar padded to the front of the rock. “Unfortunately, our deputy Nightwhisper has also been killed by a fox. His body, like Nettlestar’s, was not found. We also sent a patrol to track the fox, but it’s scent trail started fading until it disappeared completely.” A hushed silence swept the crowd. “Gingerpelt is the new deputy of StreamClan. Berrypaw was made an apprentice today, and Amberpaw has received her full medicine cat name- Amberfeather. We also have two new warriors- Icewhisker and Riverleap.”

“Gingerpelt! Berrypaw! Amberfeather! Icewhisker! Riverleap!”

“Congratulations!” Duskfoot meowed to the gray StreamClan warrior beside him. Icewhisker dipped her head in gratitude.

“LightningClan is doing well this season, and we cherish the recovery of prey in the forest during newleaf, and look forward to greenleaf. We have three new warriors, Duskfoot, Silverstorm and Pinesplash.” Duskfoot ducked his head in embarrassment as the gazes of all cats landed on him. “Cheetahpaw, Poppypaw and Mudpaw have been made apprentices. We also welcome Firestorm, who is expecting Pinesplash’s kits!”

Shootingstar took Nightstar’s place. “SwiftClan is thriving this season,” she meowed, glaring at Oakstar. “We have made two new warriors- Eagletalon and Brightpool. Flightpaw, Whiskerpaw and Starlingpaw have also been made apprentices. SwiftClan has nothing else to report.” Shootingstar waved her tail to signal the end of the gathering.

“How is StreamClan?” Duskfoot asked Icewhisker.

“Doing fine- Bluefur does a good job at taking care of us.”

Great! She’s going along with my plan!

“How’s Bluefur? Has she received any signs from StarClan?” Icewhisker licked a paw and drew it over her ear in thought.

“Yes, actually. She announced it in a clan meeting. *Four will become five, and the sharp edged leaf and the mighty lion will destroy themselves in battle.*” Duskfoot flicked his ears. He had to remember to tell Frecklepaw.

“LightningClan, we’re leaving!” Nightstar called, and gathered her clanmates with a flick of her tail. Duskfoot raced to catch up with Frecklepaw, who was leaving to the moonstone. Their pelts brushed as they padded side by side.

I could get used to this.

“Come on, Frecklepaw!” Leaffur meowed. Frecklepaw pressed her muzzle against his and padded away, her tail straight up in the air.

Could it really be that more of our clanmates are half-clan than we think?

// I hope you liked this chapter! Please review and vote! :D

Chapter 8 should take a week to come out, but i'm warning you- the next chapter is pure awesomeness!

Chapter Eight

I know, I know- this chapter is super short. I'll be adding an extra chapter to account for this short one :) The reason I made this chapter super short is because you don't know who's POV this is from, and for that reason I didn't include any cat names (which is super hard to write with!) Anyways, this chapter is supposed to add suspense and mystery. Well, bear with me when you're reading this chapter! I'm sorry that the quality's not as good as usual!

-Alliehuang

“Wake up! Come on!” A blue she-cat drowsily lifted her head. Two large amber eyes were peering at her. She groggily lifted herself up onto her paws.

“What is it?” The cat groaned. *I just got back from the gathering, and I’m tired! Just leave me alone!* She screwed her eyes up and curled up into a tight ball.

“A cat is hurt!”

The sleepy cat rocketed out of her den, her fatigue forgotten. *Don’t let it be my daughter!* Skidding to a halt beside the small shape of a slumped gray fur in the middle of the clearing, she pressed her muzzle into her flank, desperately feeling for the telltale throb of life. The she-cat sighed in relief. *My daughter’s alive.* But then she noticed that the cat lying in the clearing’s front paw was twisted at an awkward angle.

“What happened?” She asked a yellow tom, who had carried the gray she-cat back to camp. The tom fixed his amber eyes on the unmoving bundle of fur.

“We were in the lake, when she decided to leap into the water. She didn’t know how shallow it was, and she hit rock bottom.”

The golden she-cat who had woken me up quickly returned with bindweed, two sticks, cobwebs and some poppy seeds. The anxious mother reached out to take the supplies, but the golden she-cat shouldered her away.

“You’re too anxious to do any good,” she looked over her shoulder and meowed. The blue she-cat bowed her head and sat next to her kit, whimpering as the injured cat winced in her sleep. The golden creamy she-cat put a stick on either side of the gray cat’s forepaw, and then added layers of cobwebs before wrapping the bindweed around the sticks. She looked at the grieving blue she-cat for approval, and the mother nodded, testing the support to make sure it was secure.

“Hey!” She called to the yellow tom. His gaze snapped back to her. “Carry her into the medicine cat’s den.” The injured cat moaned as her forepaw bounced against the tom’s body. A blue-gray she-cat was already waiting for her injured littermate, and she had made a nest. She gently laid the gray she-cat down in the bed of moss and feathers. Curling up around her, the injured cat’s mother tried to drift off into sleep, but the face of a particular tom kept on haunting her.

Her blue eyes fixed onto a spot on the wall. She remembered everything. The cat closed her eyes, and a scene unfolded before her eyes.

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“Do you think our kits will be able to swim well and run fast too?” A gray tom whispered in her ear. The she-cat jumped backwards in shock.

“How do you know?”

The gray tom pressed his muzzle against her flank. “Do your clanmates know?” She shook her head.

“I-I was going to tell them-” she stammered. The gray tom curled his tail around her.

“It’ll be alright. I’ll come to your clan, or you can join mine!”

The blue she-cat flinched as if he had struck her. “No. What about our duties?” She didn’t wait for her mate to reply. “I can’t raise these kits on my own.”

“Oh yeah?” The tom spat. “Remember what happened last time? I had to rescue our kits from those LightningClan rabbit-brains! You know how much of an effort it was for me to sneak them all the way to StalkClan?”

The she-cat sighed. “That was wrong of me,” she admitted. “This time, i’ll raise our kits in my clan. They’ll know nothing about their parents.” The tom turned his back to her. *I’m so sorry!*

Turning around, the gray tom padded towards her. “I don’t regret anything,” he meowed, twining his tail with hers.

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The call of an owl snapped the blue she-cat back to the present. Pressing her muzzle into her daughter’s ominously still flank, she recited the names of herbs until sleep engulfed her like a black wave.

Who's POV do you think it is? And who is the gray tom? PM me if you think you know who! :D

Chapter 9 should be out by next Thursday (And I promise it will be way longer than this one!)

Chapter Nine

As promised, here is chapter nine! I spent a while writing this, so I hope you like it :D

“Nightstar!” A voice called. The black she-cat blinked, rising to her paws and padding out of the leader’s den. She leapt down from the highrock, wincing as a sharp pain pierced her stomach. *I have to remember to see Leaffur about that.* Nightstar turned to meet her deputy, Owlfang, who was setting the patrols for the day. The brown tom dipped his head, and rasped, “greetings, Nightstar.”

The LightningClan leader winced inwardly. And this time it wasn’t because of any pain whatsoever. *He’s getting old- I wonder if he’ll resign soon.* “Greetings, Owlfang. Is there a problem?” The deputy nodded.

“I’d like to talk to you about my... aging,” he meowed. Nightstar dipped her head in respect as Owlfang continued. “I think that it’s about time that I resign to be an elder. As soon as Wolfkit and Thrushkit become apprentices, then i’ll go and join Littleclaw.” I followed his green gaze to Mosspelt and her kits playing in the clearing. Wolfkit ran over to his father and jumped onto his back, and Owlfang fell to the ground in mock defeat.

“We got him! Come on, Thrushkit!” Wolfkit yowled, his blue eyes flashing in triumph. Thrushkit quickly scurried over and let out a shrill squeal, recoiling in surprise when Owlfang let out a grunt as Wolfkit bounced on his flank.

“Let your father up, little ones,” Nightstar meowed, and the two kits quickly obeyed, Sitting up straight with their tails curled around their fluffy paws. Owlfang wearily staggered upright, and Mosspelt padded over to her mate, licking his cheek.

“They’re really a handful,” the gray she-cat commented, and Nightstar let out a mmrow of amusement. “Webfoot promised that he’d watch them today, so that I can take some time off to rest.”

“I’ll take all of the kits out for a short walk, if you’d like,” I meowed to Firestorm, who wearily staggered out of the nursery with her two kits following. Pinesplash purred in gratitude, bringing his made a squirrel to eat. The ginger queen dipped her head in thanks and collapsed onto the ground.

“I can’t believe that kits one moon old cause so much trouble!” She meowed, but his voice was full of love. Sighing, she added, “thank you.” A brown she-kit with white splotches and a russet tom padded up to Nightstar.

“Are you our clan leader?” The russet tom squeaked.

“That’s a dumb question, Mouse-brainkit!” His littermate squealed and batted at him.

“My name’s not mouse-brainkit! It’s Scorchkit!” Ramming into his littermate, they started to play fight. Nightstar purred, and started to follow the kit when she was intercepted by Webfoot.

“Hi Nightstar!” He purred and twined his tail with Nightstar’s. She closed her eyes and embraced the moment.

“Guess what duty we’re on today?” Nightstar meowed, breaking the silence. “Kit duty.”

Webfoot widened his blue eyes. “We’re taking this lot out for the day?” Nightstar nodded, her green eyes glimmering in amusement.

Waving her black tail, Nightstar called out to the kits, “come on, we’re leaving!” Scorchkit and his littermate, Hazelkit ran up to their leader, and Thrushkit and Wolfkit weren’t far behind. The brothers were two moons older than Firestorm’s kits. Padding out of camp, the kit patrol passed Leaf’s den. The prisoner had kitted recently, and she had three kits. She had refused for the clan to see her and Blacktail’s offspring, so she was surprised when a pretty light brown tabby squirmed her way out of Leaf’s grasp. The she-kit bounced over to the kit patrol.

“Can I join you?” She squeaked, and Leaf reached out a brown paw to haul her back into the hollow tree trunk.

“No, Hoot.” *So your name is Hoot, little one. Hootkit.* “Remember what we talked about?”

“But I don’t wanna be evil like you! I don’t wanna run away and make our own clan. I wanna be a LightningClan warrior!” Hoot yowled at the top of her lungs, fluffing her fur up. Frecklepaw’s ears perked up when she heard the kit make her announcement. *So Leaf is planning to run away? I’ll have to post a guard, as much as I don’t want to.*

“You’re welcome to join us,” Nightstar meowed warmly, cutting in before Leaf could hurl yet another insult at her kit. “Would you like to come too?” She asked the remaining two kits. A dark gray tom bared his teeth, his golden eyes sparkling in fury. Next to him, a white tom that looked like an exact copy of Blacktail shuffled his paws.

“I don’t know...” he muttered. That comment earned him a cuff from his mother.

“Black, I don’t need more of my kits joining those fox-hearted excuse for cats!” Leaf hissed. “Claw here has got the right idea,” she praised the dark gray tom. Squirming in embarrassment, Black burrowed deeper into the den.

“As for you,” Leaf meowed, addressing Hoot, “you can have her. I have no use for cats that don’t share my view on things.” With that she whirled around, and disappeared inside of her den. Nightstar rolled her eyes, exchanging a glance with Webfoot. Hoot bounced up to the kit patrol, earning wary glances from Thrushkit.

“Alright, to the training hollow,” Webfoot meowed, leading the kits out of camp. Nightstar padded at the rear, making sure that everyone kept up.

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“Go away, StalkClan fox-hearts!” Thrushkit hissed, launching himself at Webfoot. The brown and white tom fell to the ground in mock defeat.

“Ooooooowwwwww!”

Wolfkit immediately unlatched his tiny claws from Webfoot’s fur. “I’m so sorry! Are you okay?” The brown kit whimpered.

Webfoot shook out his fur. “That wasn’t me.” Nightclaw pricked her ears up in alarm.

“Help!” The LightningClan leader angled her ears towards the source of the noise.

“Wolfkit, Hazelkit, and Hoot, on my back. Quick!” She hissed between clenched teeth. Webfoot carried Thrushkit and Scorchkit.

“Hey! Stop pushing me!” Scorchkit meowed indigently.

“I did not!” Thrushkit retorted, flattening his ears against his head. Webfoot rolled his eyes in impatience.

“Stop bickering, you two! One of your clanmates could be in grave danger as you argue!” The normally patient tom whipped his head around and meowed. The two toms immediately froze, and made their way onto Webfoot’s brown-and-white back.

Beckoning her tail for Webfoot to follow, Nightstar dashed through the forest.

I hope whoever’s hurt will be okay!

As they travelled closer to camp, the yowling grew louder and louder. Suddenly, as Nightstar burst through a bush, she saw a huge, lumbering black and white creature, attacking a blood soaked cat. She paused to scent the air. *Blood, Badger, and- Owlfang!*

Wolfkit yelped in alarm when he saw his father being attacked.

“Kits, in the bush,” Nightstar instructed, bunching her muscles to save her deputy. With a fearsome yowl, she and Webfoot burst into the clearing.

The badger had managed to clamp Owlfang’s foreleg in it’s jaws, and closed on it with a sickening crunch. Owlfang yowled in agony.

Nightstar hissed in fury, and launched herself onto the badger's back. She struggled to keep her balance as she unsheathed her claws and raked them over the badger's face, earning a roar of anger. Webfoot raked his claws across the badger's side, and throwing the black clan leader off it's back, lumbered away into the undergrowth. Webfoot immediately rushed over to check on the unmoving deputy.

"Owlfang?" The brown tom's eyelids flittered open, before closing shut. Examining his paw, Nightstar noticed that it seemed very swollen.

"I'm no medicine cat," She meowed to Webfoot, "but that forepaw seems broken. We should carry him back to camp." The warrior nodded, and shifted Owlfang's body onto his back.

Padding back to the bush, Nightstar saw five pairs of eyes staring back at her.

"Did you really defeat the badger?" Hoot gasped, obviously impressed.

"Is Owlfang okay?"

"I bet he's dead!"

"Cool! I wonder what a dead cat looks like!"

"Hey! That's my father that you're talking about!"

Nightstar shook her head. "Come on now, back to camp."

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"I'll lead a patrol to make sure that the badger's really gone. Leopardfur, Mousefoot, Sharpclaw, Sunstrike and Silverstorm, come with me." Nightstar prepared to pad out of camp when Frecklepaw pushed in front of her.

"I need to see to your wounds. Sunstrike can lead the patrol instead of you." Nightstar sighed. *I know she's right, but...*

“Alright,” the black she-cat agreed. “Firestorm can go instead of me.” She followed Frecklepaw into the medicine cat’s den.

“Leaffur,” the black and white apprentice called to her mentor, “Owlfang asked for you. He’s in the warrior’s den.” The elderly brown she-cat gathered two sturdy sticks, some cobwebs and bindweed before she dipped her head to Nightstar, and padded out into the clearing.”

“What’s up?”

Frecklepaw looked startled. “What do you mean?”

Nightstar couldn’t help the glimmer of amusement that began to show in her eyes. “I know you got rid of Leaffur on purpose. What do you have to tell me?” Frecklepaw shuffled her paws. “I’ve been receiving lots of prophecies recently...” Her eyes glazed over as she began to recite. “*Four will become five, and the sharp-edged leaf and the roaring lion will destroy themselves in battle.*” Nightstar shuddered. That didn’t sound good. “There’s more,” Frecklepaw continued. “I just received a new prophecy last night. *Wind, River, Shadow and Lightning must band together to survive. The leaf may drift off, with the help of a storm, earth, fire, river and earth, but blackness will rise in it’s place. A mighty tornado of the elements together will be our only hope.*”

“Lightning must mean LightningClan, so wind, river and shadow must mean the over three clans. But what is the storm?” Frecklepaw shrugged.

“Maybe the leaf mentioned in the second prophecy in the same as the leaf in the first,” she ventured. Nightstar nodded.

“And the fire... I remember Whitefur’s tales about a great leader named Firestar, who was prophesied to save the clans.” Frecklepaw’s eyes clouded over when Nightstar made this comment, which confused the leader.

“And Nightstar, one more thing...” Frecklepaw hesitated. Nightstar cocked her head to one side. “You’re expecting kits.”

“What?” Nightstar’s green eyes stretched wide. “But I can’t! I’m a

leader!"

"I'm sure that your deputy will lead the clan well," Frecklepaw responded.

"Owlfang- he's shattered his paw," Leaffur meowed, emerging into the den. *It's worse than I thought- will I have to choose a new deputy?* "It will never heal properly. You will have to choose a new deputy." She turned to face Nightstar. "Make your choice wisely." The black she-cat dipped her head.

"I'll take a walk to think about it," she meowed, and slipped out of the den. She looked up to see the sun going down. *I'll be back by moon-high.* She decided to head to the StalkClan border, and crouched down when she heard voices.

"Are you sure it's safe?" It was Shadefur, a gray and white StalkClan warrior.

"Yeah- the leader isn't even living in the camp!" Adderear, a black tom exclaimed.

"Yes. Come on, let's leave now," An unknown cat meowed. The three cats trudged through the undergrowth, and disappeared. *Strange. What is Shadefur, a respectable warrior, doing now? I expected this of Adderear- but Shadefur?*

Shaking her head, she padded back to camp. Nightstar leaped onto the highrock. "May all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the highrock for a clan meeting!" She yowled.

Owlfang limped out into the clearing, bowing his head. Mosspelt licked his ear.

"I have summoned you all today to inform you that there is a badger in our territory. We have chased it out, but patrols should keep a lookout. Owlfang was injured by the badger, and is unable to continue his duties. It is time to name a new deputy. The new deputy of LightningClan will be..."

// Comment on who you want to be the new deputy! Yes I will take your comments into consideration when I decide.... I

haven't yet though! Vote and comment! I hope you enjoyed! :3
Alliehuang

Contest!!

Hey guys!! I just wanted to say thanks for all of the votes and views I've been getting so far!! I never imagined that this little book would attract any attention :)

Anyways, I'm hosting a competition to choose the names of two of Nightstar and Webfoot's kits!!! :D All you have to do to enter is comment who your favorite character is so far and why. These kits will have important destinies!! I will pick two of my favorite entries and use the names that you picked!!

The winners of the Nightstar's kits contest will also have the next two chapters dedicated to them.

Im also waiting on more comments to decide who the new deputy should be. This isn't a competition, just comment on which cat you think is worthy :)

And.... Frecklepaw and Emberpaw are getting their full names soon!! Comment on what you want them to be, and I might use it!!

All above closing on November 20th!

That's all for now, keep a lookout for the next chapter in a few days!!

Love you all!

-Alliehuang

Ps Duskfoot says hi! :3

One more thing- I'm going to start to dedicate random people (who follow me). Because that dedication bit in the corner looks lonely. :D

Chapter Ten

A/N The winner for the deputy competition was Webfoot, and as for Emberpaw's warrior name... you'll find out below!

“Webfoot.”

Webfoot widened his blue eyes in surprise. “Thank you, Nightstar, I promise I will do my best to serve LightningClan.” As his eyes met his mates, he detected a glimmer of pride in her green eyes. *She trusts me to lead the clan while she’s in the nursery.*

Webfoot flattened his ears against his head as the clan cheered his name. He had never been fond of attention.

“Webfoot?” Duskfoot’s quiet voice snapped his out of his thoughts. “You have to appoint a deputy while Nightstar’s in the nursery.”

“Right.” Webfoot cleared his throat. “The new temporary deputy will be Sunstrike.”

“Sunstrike?” Owlfang snarled. “He’s only been a warrior for a few moons! Why choose him instead of-”

“Are you saying that he was not mentored well?” Frostpelt interrupted, baring her fangs. The usually calm she-cat looked quite ticked off.

“Enough!” Nightstar yowled, her voice full of authority. Her large stomach swung from side to side as she padded over to the bickering warriors. “I trust that Webfoot has made a good choice. Besides, it will only be for a few moons,” she meowed, rearing up on her hind legs to capture every cat’s attention. Losing her balance, she crashed to the ground with a thump.

“Nightstar!” Webfoot yowled, running through the crowd to reach his leader and mate. Her eyes were open, but her flank was rapidly moving up and down. *No... please don’t tell me i’ll lose her too!*

Leaffur stiffly tried to reach the black she-cat, but Frecklepaw was faster. The apprentice placed a paw on Nightstar's flank, closing her eyes in concentration. Webfoot sat worriedly at the side.

"How is she?" He dared to ask. Leaffur grinned.

"She's fine, you know. It's just that she shouldn't have reared up like that when she's...." the elderly medicine cat's voice trailed off.

"She's what?" Webfoot asked, panicked.

"Nightstar will tell you herself- when she's ready," was all Leaffur revealed as the brown she-cat padded away. Nightstar rose to her paws, with the support of Frecklepaw. Webfoot waved his tail to dismiss the clan, before following his mate into the medicine cat den.

"I'm fine! I don't need any herbs!" He heard Nightstar protest.

Pushing his way through the hanging brambles, he waited for his eyes to adjust to the dim light and saw Nightstar and Frecklepaw.

"Is something wrong?" Webfoot meowed. Nightstar's green eyes immediately brightened up.

"No, nothing at all!" She replied, stepping closer to him. "Webfoot, we're having kits!"

It took him a moment to comprehend all of the new news. *I won't let these kits get taken away like the ones I fostered before...*

"That's great!" He purred, twining his tail with Nightstar's. Webfoot turned to face Frecklepaw. "How long until they're due?"

"Less than a moon," she replied, giving her leader a friendly shove. "You should be moving to the nursery soon."

Nightstar sighed. "As you wish, medicine cat." She then turned to Webfoot. "Assign some cat to keep an eye on Leaf. I have a feeling that she won't stay put."

Webfoot lifted his head to gaze up at the night sky. The moon was

going down. He would need to order the dawn patrol soon.

“Sure, Nightstar,” he purred, licking her ear. He padded out into the clearing, where he saw Pinesplash sitting at the fresh-kill pile, sharing a thrush with Duskfoot. The two littermates were facing away from him, and jumped in surprise when Webfoot called their names.“Are you two free to guard Leaf tonight?”

Pinesplash parted his jaws in a huge yawn. “Sorry, but Nightstar already assigned me to the dawn patrol. Sunstrike’s leading, with me, Leopardfur and Emberpaw.”

“Emberpaw?” He asked, curious. “Doesn’t Owlfang have plans for her... Right! I need to appoint her a new mentor.”

“Isn’t she ready to be a warrior?” Duskfoot put in.

She’s been an apprentice for almost six moons now... I have to ask Owlfang first, but I think she’s ready.

“I’ll ask Owlfang when he gets up. You two should get some rest before you have to go on patrol. Cheetahpaw needs a new mentor too... ” Duskfoot nodded and licked his whiskers.

Just as the two toms began to pad away, the first warriors began trickling out of the warriors’ den. Sunstrike flicked his orange tail to gather the cats in his patrol, and dipping his head to Webfoot, padded out of the camp. The deputy leapt onto the highrock.

“Frostpelt,” he instructed, “Lead a hunting patrol. Take Whitestripe, Firestorm, and Poppypaw.” The white she cat led her patrol out through the thorn tunnel, and Webfoot turned to the rest of the cats. “I will take a patrol on the StreamClan border, with Cheetahpaw, Mudpaw, Silverstorm and Mousefoot. Sharpclaw,” He meowed to the black tom, “bring Sootfur and Duskfoot on the sunhigh patrol, please. Firestorm can join you later.” He padded out of camp, nodding at Sharpclaw to stay on charge. The patrol charged through the forest, dashing to the border they shared with the StreamClan fish-brains when a thin wail brought them to a stop.

A scrawny white tom staggered over to them, and Mudpaw peeled his lips back in the beginnings of a snarl. Mousefoot took a step closer to him.

“What do you want?” Webfoot growled.

“Are you StalkClan?” The white tom asked. Silverstorm shook her head, grinning. “We-ell, I better be off then,” he muttered, racing away. Webfoot exchanged a look with Silverstorm. This would need to be reported to the clan.

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The sun-high patrol was just about to leave camp when Webfoot called a clan meeting. The cats immediately gathered to hear what he had to say. Nightstar in particular looked up at him in interest. *It should be you up here.*

“As you all know, a badger has attacked Owlfang, and it’s jaws shattered his front leg. It has been decided that he will be unable to continue his warrior duties.” The old tom dipped his head as all eyes landed on him. “But it is time for Emberpaw to become a warrior.” The orange she-cat looked up at him, surprised, but quickly smoothed down a tuft of fur on the top of her head. Nightstar Lumbered over to Emberpaw, and looked the apprentice in the eye.

“Do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your life?” The black she-cat meowed.

“I do,” Emberpaw’s voice rang out.

“Then by the powers of StarClan, I grant you your warrior name. I, Nightstar, leader of LightningClan, call upon my ancestors to look down on this apprentice. From this moment forth, she will be known as Emberblaze. StarClan honors your spirit and your loyalty, and we welcome you as a full member of LightningClan.”

As the clan cheered the name of the new warrior, Webfoot saw her pad up to Duskfoot, only to see the brown tom staring at Frecklepaw.

Love triangle, he thought, rolling his eyes.

“Cheetahpaw also needs a new mentor. Sunstrike will complete her training,” Nightstar meowed. Before she could dismiss the meeting, Webfoot quickly interrupted.

“When we patrolled the StreamClan border, we came across a rouge.” Webfoot saw Leaf’s ears prick up and her head swivel towards him from the opposite end of the clearing. Hoot and Black struggled to escape her grasp. “He was a white tom, with amber eyes. If any cat sees him again, you should-”

A thin wail cut through his words, and Webfoot turned just in time to see a gray kit plummet down from a tree.

“Claw!” Leaf gasped, and raced over to her kit. Leaffur and Frecklepaw were not far behind, but the brown queen shouldered them away, snarling. “No clan cat will touch my kits!”

“But, Leaf, his leg is broken,” Leaffur protested. All she got in reply was a hiss.

“I can deal with it!” Leaf growled, picking her kit’s broken body up, and furiously padding back to her den. Hoot and Black trailed after her.

“Duskfoot! Would you guard Leaf tonight?” Webfoot beckoned to the brown tom, who nodded in return.

“Clan dismissed!” Nightstar yowled, and every cat turned to pad back into their dens.

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POV CHANGE

A brown she-cat slid out of her den, placing one white paw in front of the other. She picked one of her kits up by the scruff, who simply twitched in his sleep. Casting a last remorseful glance at her broken kit, who lay slumped in the corner of the den, she pushed out into the open.

A brown tom lay slumped on the ground, snoring away. She snorted. *Proves my point about lazy clan cats.* She crept out through the thorn tunnel, padding towards the StalkClan border, until a white tom came into view.

“Leaffur.” He greeted.

“Leaf,” she corrected, putting her kit down. “Did you bring them?”

The white tom gestured to the space behind him, and Leaf could make out a few pairs of gleaming eyes.

“Adderear, Shadefur, Nettlestar, Badgerclaw, Nightwhisper, Dustpelt.” She meowed, dipping her head in turn to her recruits. “And Snake,” she added, addressing the white tom.

“Who’s this?” Snake asked, gesturing to the mewling black and white kit on the forest floor.

“Black,” Leaf meowed. “Mine and Blacktail’s kit.” Her tail drooped at the mention of her dead mate. *I may want revenge, but that doesn’t mean that I don’t have a heart.* Regaining her composure, she turned to her acquaintance. “Lead to our camp.”

The white tom whipped around, and waving his matted tail, gathered the former clan cats and padded away into the think canopy of trees.

Look over your shoulder, and sleep with one eye open, Nightstar. Because i’m coming for you.

//Hope you enjoyed! Vote and Commet :3 And Nightstar's kit's names and Frecklepaw's name are still open! I CAN'T DECIDE ON FRECKLEPAW'S FULL NAME, SO FILL IN THIS POLL!

COMMENT A, B OR C!

A) FRECKLEFOOT

B)FRECKLENOSE

C)FRECKLELEAF

I tried hard not to make Duskfoot a gary-sue, he fell asleep on the job :)

Chapter Eleven

// Congrats to @Vectorsigma and @wadamelon_x_time for winning the competition to choose the names for two of Nightstar's kits! Also thanks to @catisawesome and @vectorsigma (again :3) for helping me choose Frecklepaw's full name! A big thank you to everyone who joined, because there will be a competition at the end of this chapter to choose another cat's kits! :3

"They're beautiful," Webfoot breathed, padding into the nursery. Nightstar looked up, her eyes bleary with sleep. Frecklepaw stepped backwards, making room for the mates to chat.

Four kits were nestled into the curve of her leader's stomach; and only three were her own. It had been nearly a moon since the black she-cat had moved to the nursery, and she had just kitted last sunrise. Frecklepaw twisted her head to inspect her kits.

There was two she-kits, and one tom. Berrykit kicked out in his sleep to shove his littermates, and the small creamy she-kit, Dawnkit, tumbled out of the nest with an *oof.* Frecklepaw watched as Nightstar gently pushed her back into the bed of moss. The white she-kit with gray patches was Stormkit, named after Stormpelt. And lastly, the pretty light brown she-kit who was much bigger than the others, lay sprawled on her foster mother's back. When Leaf escaped, she took Black, but left Claw and Hoot behind. Claw had been taken to the medicine cat den to heal his wounds, and Hoot had been renamed Hootkit, and stayed in the nursery with Nightstar.

The whole clan was astonished when the leader announced that she would take care of the traitor's kits, but Frecklepaw agreed with her. *I remember Hootkit protesting about joining in with her mother's evil schemes... now she's free to become a warrior.* Claw had been doing well too, and had begun to accept his role in LightningClan. *I better go check on him.*

Frecklepaw faltered as she felt a familiar pain. *Great. I know what this means... but how could I let this happen?*

Every cat was in panic after Leaf's escape. She padded out of the nursery and saw Sunstrike calmly poised on the highrock, setting out patrols. No one dared to argue with his authority after he organized the patrols to track Leaf down; even if they all failed. The clan was in need of strong leadership more than ever, with Nightstar in the nursery and Webfoot striving to spend as much time as possible with his kits. She dipped her head to the temporary deputy, and then pushed through the hanging lichen. Claw lay in a bed of moss, murmuring in his sleep.

"Why did you leave me? Don't you love me? My paw's better now!" He mewed as he rolled around. Frecklepaw felt her heart break. *I'm sorry, little one, but your mother- she's not coming back.*

"Claw!" She meowed as she prodded the little kit awake. The kit blinked away sleep and sat up in his scattered nest.

"Mistypool? Where are you?" He mewled, blinking in confusion as Frecklepaw padded up to him. Shaking his head, he quivered as he sat up and padded towards Frecklepaw. "Leaf abandoned me, didn't she?"

Frecklepaw sadly nodded, and to her surprise, the gray kit sat up even straighter.

"Then i'll do what Mistypool told me to do. I want to become a warrior of LightningClan!"

"This Mistypool," Frecklepaw hesitated and meowed, "what did she look like?" *It couldn't have been the legendary warrior that had been murdered by Claw's mother!*

"She was floaty," he began, narrowing his eyes, "and she had stars in her fur. She said she was from something called StarClan." Claw's eyes shone with confusion, and Frecklepaw purred.

"Come close," she mewed. "Now, StarClan is your warrior ancestors, who..."

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Webfoot groaned and dragged himself into the leader's den, and flopped, drained, into the nest that he shared with Nightstar. She had just moved back into her den from the nursery, and he looked forward to not lying in a cold bundle of moss every night.

"Webfoot?" Sunstrike called through the entrance. "Sorry to disturb you, but do you think we should send out an evening patrol? None of the clans are at war..." Webfoot sighed and pushed himself up. "Yes," he replied. "I'd bet anything that one rouge meant trouble."

"Right," the orange and white tom meowed, shrugging the hanging lichen away from the entrance of the den as he stepped in. "Who'll go?"

Webfoot stopped to think. *I don't know... my mind isn't functioning properly!* "Uhh... You can lead, and bring Mousefoot, Sharpclaw and Emberblaze."

Sunstrike shook his head, his eyes apologetic. "Mousefoot's already been on two patrols today. Maybe choose someone else?" He looked worried as Webfoot closed his eyes and slunk down to the ground "Never mind," he hastily added. "I will choose another cat." Casting a glance over his shoulder, he padded out of the den. "Have a good rest, Webfoot."

I hope so. The deputy closed his eyes.

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"Hello, Webfoot." A cat sneered. The brown tom sat up, and shook himself. The image of a black cat appeared before him, his red eyes flashing. He looked like a spirit cat, *but this definitely isn't StarClan.* The sky was dark, and the winding trees loomed over Webfoot. *This is the dark forest.*

"What do you want, Darkclaw?" He growled. Darkclaw only laughed.

"You know that secret of yours...?" He meowed slyly, slinking around and around Webfoot, making the LightningClan deputy

grow increasingly uncomfortable.

"This is only a dream," he meowed, his voice wavering, trying to sound and look confident. "You can't hurt me."

"But I can," Darkclaw sneered. "You see, secrets are a weapon that can be used by every cat. Nothing can stop me from spilling the poppy seeds!"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Webfoot spat.

"I think you do."

"I don't have any secrets!"

Darkclaw sighed and rolled his eyes. "Do you not remember your foster kits?"

Webfoot froze, and flinched at the dark tom's words. "Ah, I see you do remember. You were devastated when they were," Darkclaw paused. "Stolen, weren't you?"

Webfoot turned around. *I can't believe he's bringing this up!*

"I have something to tell you, dear Webfoot," Darkclaw jeered. "Your precious kitties... they were Bluefur's, were they not?" He pressed his muzzle up to Webfoot's. "You said you took them in so they wouldn't be abandoned by their parents," Webfoot gulped. "... but their father, Cinderfoot, sneaked them from your camp and surrendered them to StalkClan in order to keep them safe." *Cinderfoot's the father of Nightstripe and Lilyecho?!* Darkclaw warmed up to his topic, and glared at Webfoot with his dark red eyes. "They also had a second litter, Icewhisker and Riverleap of StreamClan." Webfoot gasped in shock, but Darkclaw butt in. "That is none of your concern. The point is, I will reveal the true parents of the four kits at the gathering tonight. Why, might you ask? You see, dear Webfoot, Riverleap is part of a prophecy. StarClan's prophecy. And I would do anything to stop those mange-ridden fleabags. By revealing their parents, Riverleap would be labeled as half clan scum, and be thrown out of the clans and unable to help them!"

Slowly, Webfoot began to realize what this meant for the clans.

I will stop this.

Webfoot blinked open his eyes, and he awoke in his nest, with the moss scattered all over the floor. Stormkit whimpered as he pummelled her face in alarm. Nightstar rasped her tongue over his fur, purring in relief.

"Are you alright, Webfoot?" She meowed, her green eyes pools of concern.

Webfoot sat up and shook herself off. "I had a bad dream." Nightstar's eyes widened as Webfoot poured out about his nightmare, and his encounter with Darkclaw. As did Stormkit, who was the only kit awake.

"Who's Darkclaw?" Stormkit mewed, her gray and white fur bristling. Webfoot purred, and licked her ear. *I hate to admit I have favorites, but Stormkit... I think she's my favorite kit.*

"He was an evil cat, from a long time ago," Webfoot meowed, his eyes growing serious. "If you want to find out more, go ask Littleclaw at dawn."

"AWWWW!" Stormkit complained, flopping down. Nightstar let out a mrrow of amusement.

"I'm going to go for a walk in the forest," Webfoot meowed, and padded into the dark night.

I must not let Darkclaw take over.

//Competition to pick Claw's name! Also to pick the names for two she-kits- FrecklexDusk's kits (Yes, that was Frecklepaw's weird feeling)! Comment on your least favorite character and why! Frecklepaw poll has one more week! Vote, comment, and THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR GETTING ME TO 700 VIEWS! :3

And here's a hug from

Chapter Twelve

//Chapter twleve! :3 Please enter the contest in the previous chapter, results will be announced in chapter thirteen!

Riverleap brought her paw down into the water, scooping up a floundering salmon. Crouching down, she bit it's neck and carefully shifted the fish into her jaws. The blue she-cat lifted her tail up in triumph, glancing proudly at Berrypaw. The young cream tom had his jaws parted in awe, and Waterclaw glanced at his apprentice with disapproval.

"That was the messiest catch i've ever seen!" The older warrior spat, his blue fur bristling. Riverleap rolled her eyes. *I may be a younger warrior, but that doesn't mean I don't know how to fish!*

"Are you kidding?" Berrypaw meowed, his blue eyes widened in disbelief. "That was awesome!" Waterclaw groaned and beckoned for his apprentice to follow as he backed away from the river. The cream tom shot Riverleap an apologetic glance, and raced away. When the two toms were out of earshot, she let out a *mmrow* of laughter.

I've already hunted for the clan today, the blue she-cat thought, before taking swift bites out of the salmon's pink flesh. She savored the taste, and licked her whiskers clean. *I don't know how the other clans eat woodland prey all the time! They're missing out!* Even after her recent meal, Riverleap's stomach still yowled with hunger. She crouched by the riverside, and waited for another fish to come past, making sure that her shadow stayed away from the water. As she settled down among the reeds, Riverleap parted her jaws to take a bite of the minnow when a gruff meow sounded from behind her.

"Do you want to share?" Minnowtail meowed, emerging into the clearing. Riverleap shook her head in apology, wincing as his gaze darkened, and then lit up again. Not with joy, but with something else. Riverleap couldn't quite place her claw on the emotion. Anger? Resentment? Rage?

“I’m going to the gathering tonight, so I can’t waste any time,” she hastily meowed as Minnowtail whipped around and prepared to leave. “Don’t go!”

The gray tom suddenly stopped, and turned back to face Riverleap. “What did I ever do to you? I love you, Riverleap. You know that, don’t you?” Minnowtail’s eyes bore into her fur, but all Riverleap could do was turn away. *I don’t love you back. I’m sorry, Minnowtail.* She shut her eyes and curled up into a ball, and only sprung back up to her paws when the thudding of Minnowtail’s footsteps faded away to nothing. She looked up to see the sky darkening, and panic flared inside of her. *The gathering!*

Running as fast as her paws could carry her, she dashed back into camp, and bumped into the patrol at the front entrance. Oakstar fixed her with a disapproving glare, and Riverleap joined her sister at the back of the group. She purred in delight, when she saw Icewhisker was hardly limping at all.

It was only two moons ago when her best friend and littermate, Icewhisker, had broken her front fore-paw after leaping into the river. *My sister is so reckless sometimes.* Icewhisker had been stuck in the medicine cat den for a while, but now she was finally healthy enough to go to the gathering.

“Are you as excited to go to the gathering as I am?” Icewhisker meowed as she bounced up and down. Riverleap giggled, and playfully shoved her sister.

“I’m glad you’re alright,” Riverleap meowed and pressed herself against Icewhisker’s white fur.

“I can’t believe Bluefur let me train again!” Riverleap’s littermate exclaimed. “This is going to be the best gathering ever!”

As the group burst into the clearing, the StreamClan cats split up and began to mingle with the crowd. Icewhisker dashed off, and Riverleap padded up to the foot of the great rock.

Ferncloud, Skywhisker, and Leopardfur were chatting, and Riverleap eagerly dashed up to join them.

“Where’s Nightstar?” She asked the golden spotted tom, who’s eyes, to her surprise, brightened up.

“She’s had kits,” Leopardfur replied.

“That’s great news!” Skywhisker purred. “Mine and Sandfur’s kit, Shimmerkit, became an apprentice yesterday.”

Ferncloud glanced at the brown SwiftClan warrior with kind eyes. “I’m glad your clans are doing well,” she meowed, shifting her gaze to Leopardfur and Riverleap. “But i’m afraid StalkClan could be doing better.”

Riverleap gasped. “More cats disappeared?” Ferncloud nodded.

“Dustpelt’s gone,” the gray she-cat lowered her gaze. “My brother.” Riverleap pressed against the StalkClan she-cat’s pelt, feeling Ferncloud shudder in sorrow.

“Let the gathering begin!” Oakstar yowled, stepping forward. The chattering stopped, and all eyes turned to meet the StreamClan leader. “StreamClan is doing well, and we have nothing to report other than the fact that Icewhisker, one of our young warriors, has recovered from breaking a bone.” With that, the brown tom stepped back, making room for the next leader, Webfoot.

“Webfoot?” Shootingstar gaped. “Where’s Nightstar?”

“She’s in the nursery, nursing my kits,” the LightningClan deputy meowed, puffing his chest out in pride. Murmurs of congratulations spread through the crowd, and Webfoot began to report on his clan.

Riverleap stopped listening, and pawed at the ground. What she had thought to be an exciting gathering had turned out not-so-eventful after time.

“We have a problem!” Birchstar boomed, raising her voice to a loud roar. Riverleap lifted her head in shock. The normally gentle she-cat would usually never yowl unless she needed to. “Many of our clanmates are disappearing. Dustpelt has just practically poofed away without any warning. Does any cat know what is going on?”

Just as Ferncloud said.

Suddenly, red mist started swirling around the great rock. Webfoot and Shootingstar were the first to leap down, Oakstar and Birchstar frenziedly scrabbling down behind them. The red mist darkened to the dark shade of blood, and black whirlpool opened up in the midst. Riverleap watched, gaping, as two red orbs flashed, reflecting the darkness. A dark shaped emerged, with the muscular build of Gingernose, but the ferocity of no cat that Riverleap had ever seen before. Something told her in her gut that this cat was nothing but bad news.

Webfoot gasped, then bristled as the black tom curled the corners of his mouth up into an evil smile.

“So, Webby, couldn’t do anything about it, could you?” The cat padded up to the brown and white tom and sneered.

“Darkclaw!” The LightningClan deputy yowled. His voice rang out in the hollow, and mews and howls of horror escaped from the spectators.

“I’m here to tell you all petty little kittypets,” he jeered, panning the cats who were slowly backing away into the bushes, “that her,” Darkclaw pointed to Lilyecho, and cats gasped. “Him,” Nighstripe, this time. *Them? But they always seemed so loyal... sure, they were once rouges, but so was I!* “Her!” Darkclaw screeched, waving her paw at a cat. Riverleap leaped to try to catch a glimpse of the cat, and the crowd parted to reveal none other than... *Icewhisker?! How? Why? No!*

“And her!” Ferncloud backed away from Riverleap, and so did Skywhisker. Riverleap frantically ran in circles, seeing every cat back away from her. *It can’t be...* Wincing, she looked up, and saw Darkclaw pointing at no other cat than her.

Riverleap gulped, and back away, only to see cats screeching in horror and pelting away from her.

“They are not who you think they are! They were not rouges! Their parents are none other than...” Riverleap shut her eyes. *I was born in*

a clan?

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“Bluefur!” A white she-kit yowled as she rolled around in the autumn leaves. “Look at me!”

A blue she-kit giggled and dived into the pile, diving through the red, yellow and orange pile of dry leaves that crinkled at her touch. A pair of jaws gently nipped her out onto the grass, and the she-kit shook out her pelt, and flakes scattered everywhere.

“We’re leaving now,” her mother gently meowed, and bent down for her kits to scrabble onto her back.

“To where?” The white she-kit cried as her mother began to dash into the dark forest. The two kits wailed as the larger blue she-cat who seemed to be their mother ignored their calls and continued running.

Suddenly, she turned her head around and skidded to a halt.

“We’re going back home,” Bluefur meowed.

“Home?” The white she-kit screwed her nose up.

“StreamClan,” her mother replied.

With that, they galloped into in forest, the shadows of the night swallowing up their bodies.

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“Cinderfoot and Bluefur!” Darkclaw yowled.

Cats gasped, and parted to reveal the two medicine cats. Riverleap’s mother cowered in the shadows, while her father stepped forward, puffing his chest out.

“Boo!” Darkclaw jeered, and the chant quickly caught on.

“How dare you disobey the code!” Oakstar cried. “You mange

ridden fleaballs! Take your half-clan kits and leave right now!"

Riverleap half-numbly padded over to her "father", with Icewhisker close behind, who had her jaws parted in awe and shock. Bluefur held her head low, and Nightwhisper growled in her ear, while Lilyecho comforted her. *I don't know what to think... I can't believe it!*

"No!" Webfoot yowled, sitting up, and crawling up to the highrock. "Their kits have done nothing wrong. It is not their fault that they have been born to two medicine cats! And as for Bluefur and Cinderfoot... i'm sure that every cat here has made a mistake at least once in their lives before."

"But this is a large mistake!" Ferncloud spat.

"What is done is done, and nothing can undo it. Is it really worth sending away two skilled healers? SwiftClan will be left without a medicine cat!"

At this, Shootingstar stepped out from where she was conversing with her deputy, Lionflight. "SwiftClan has decided that Cinderfoot may stay," she meowed glancing at her clanmates, a few who yowled in disapproval, "but I will make sure that he will be punished."

"Bluefur may not stay in StreamClan!" Oakstar declared. "Amberfeather can carry out duties on her own," he added, searching out the desperate golden colored she-cat, who cowered.

"But Bluefur has taken care of your clanmates well all this time," Webfoot argued.

"My choice is final." Oakstar bared his teeth at the LightningClan deputy. Bluefur turned around, and quietly padded away. *My mother's gone... before I ever got to know her.*

Riverleap straightened up, against the accusing stares of other cats. *I will find her. One day. I promise.*

//Hope you enjoyed! One more week (or perhaps more, exam time right now :( ) for the next chapter! Vote and comment ^^

This chapter was dedicated to @vectorsigma for the Nightstar's kits contest. Anyways, I dedicated Chappie 11 to @wadamelon_x_time for the same contest ^ Contest winners for the Claw and Kits contests will get dedications too!

May StarClan light your path :)

Chapter Thirteen

I love you all so I MADE time to write this chapter, hope you enjoy :) And it's 4 days earlier than originally planned :)

Nightstar leapt out of her den, with her kits trailing close behind. She padded up to the returning gathering patrol, and searched the crowd for her mate. Nightstar was still searching for that pair of blue eyes when Leaffur pulled her aside.

"Nightstar," the elderly medicine cat meowed, her voice hushed. "We need to talk."

The black she-cat widened her eyes in surprise, looking up from licking a tuft of Dawnkit's fur down. "What happened at the gathering?"

Leaffur only shook her head, and let out a deep sigh. "Come with me." As the old brown she-cat turned away, Nightstar sat up and began to follow her.

"What about us, Nightstar?" Berrykit mewed, pawing at his mother's fur.

"You'll stay with me," a voice replied, and the LightningClan leader turned to see Webfoot use his tail to pull all three kits towards him. Nightstar nodded at her mate, but felt trouble stir inside of her. *Is that worry I see is his eyes?* It flickered for a moment, and disappeared. *I must have been seeing things.*

"Nightstar!" Came Leaffur's exasperated meow. "Are you coming?" Nightstar sprinted across the clearing into the medicine cat den. Freckleleaf and Leaffur sat with their tails curled perfectly around their paws, and the black she-cat settled down facing them.

"What's so important?"

Freckleleaf's eyes darkened, and her blue gaze bore into Nightstar's.

"Darkclaw."

It can't be. No. It can't be true.

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"Fallownose! What's going on?" Nightkit whimpered and burrowed under her mother's fur. Sharpkit was already there, and Leafkit too. She could feel her mother trembling all over, and even her little kit mind could tell her that something was wrong.

"Nightkit!" She whipped around as quickly as she could underneath her mother's stomach to face Sharpkit. "Will you poke your head out to see what's happening?"

"No!" Leafkit wailed, her amber eyes wide with distress. "Nightkit might get hurt! I don't want that to ever happen." Nightkit felt warmth spread through her tiny body as her two siblings pressed closer to her.

"I won't let you have the kits!" She heard Fallownose wail.

"You don't have a choice!" Came a gruff voice, filled with hatred and anger.

Suddenly, her mother's voice softened. "You never did love me, did you?" The tom laughed.

"As if," he spat. "Snakecliff would have been a much better choice. All I want is more followers, and this was the perfect opportunity!"

Fallownose shivered, and parted her jaws to let out a wail, when her jaws snapped shut. "Don't you dare call out for help! Do you want to die too?"

"I will not let you harm my kits."

*" **Our** kits."*

Fallownose took in a deep breath. "You said I don't have a choice, but I do. I will die defending these innocent lives!" Nightkit mewed in horror and pressed closer to her littermates as she heard Fallownose cry out in pain. The tom was hurting her mother!

Nightkit poked her head out, and felt Leafkit's tiny teeth in her short, stumpy tail. "Nightkit, no! Please!" Her sister begged.

"I have to help Fallownose," Nightkit growled, and broke away from her sister's grasp. She stumbled in a pool of blood, and summoned up all of the strength she could muster. "DON"T HURT FALLOWNOSE!" She yowled, shutting her eyes tight as she felt sharp teeth pierce her scruff. When she finally dared to sneak a peek, she found she was laying down in the clearing, with Owlpaw laying next to her, and Goldenleaf, another queen, licking her pelt.

"Where's Fallownose?" She asked, stumbling to her feet on unsteady legs. Goldenleaf's eyes shone with sorrow, and she picked Nightkit's scruff up, dropping her down next to a mass of bloody fur in the center of camp. The cat's scent was masked by blood, but leaning closer, Nightkit caught a whiff of something familiar.

"Fallownose!" Nightkit wailed, jumping onto her dead mother's back. "I'm sorry I didn't do enough to help you! I should have gone out earlier! Now i'm never going to see you again!"

"You did do a lot to help," Goldenleaf reassured her. "We all heard your wail and rushed to help! You saved your siblings!" Nightkit blinked away her tears.

"Goldenleaf, that tom who attacked Fallownose- who was he?"

Goldenleaf looked away, and shook her head. Turning back to face the tiny she-kit, she meowed, "Darkclaw. It was Darkclaw, your father."

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Leaffur quickly filled Nightstar in on the events of the gathering, and the leader gasped when she heard about the secret that was revealed. *Didn't Webfoot adopt two of those kits? One was a gray she-kit, and one was a black tom...* Nightstar gasped as she realized that they were none other than Nightwhisper and Lilyecho. Fiery rage boiled inside of her. *Webfoot must have known... but he didn't tell me! What did I ever deserve to be treated this way?*

"Nightstar?" Freckleleaf meowed worriedly.

"I just need some time," Nightstar replied and rushed out of the den. Her green eyes scanned the camp, and landed on a brown and white tom. Berrykit and Stormkit were latched onto his back, and Dawnkit pawing at his muzzle. Nightstar sighed. *He's such a good father...* She shook herself. *He lied to you! How can you still feel this way?* She pushed all feelings of love to Webfoot deep into the darkest parts of her soul, and stiffly stalked over to her former mate.

Webfoot turned around with a smile. "Hi, Nightstar! Did you hear about the gathering?"

"Yes, yes I did," Nightstar growled. "Firestorm, will you watch Stormkit, Berrykit and Dawnkit for a while?" The ginger queen nodded, and hustled the five kits into the nursery.

"Webfoot, I recall you fostering a few kits before they disappeared, am I correct?" She turned to Webfoot and hissed. "You knew they were Bluefur's all along, didn't you?" The deputy turned away, and hung his head.

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Webfoot added the scrawny squirrel to his catch, and buried it in the ground. He was hunting around the StreamClan border, and was stalking a plump thrush when the grass behind him stirred. The thrush let out an alarm call and fluttered away, leaving Webfoot searching angrily for the cat that ruined his catch.

"Where are you? You just made me lose the best piece of prey i've seen today!" The long grass parted to reveal a sleek blue-gray she-cat.

"Bluefur," Webfoot gasped, dipping his head in respect to the medicine cat. He recoiled as he saw two bundles of fur next to her. The StreamClan cat looked exhausted, her bones jutting through her thin pelt. Probably not from prey shortage, because the river is still flowing...

"I'm sorry for that," Bluefur meowed. She hesitated, and then dipped her head to the two kits next to her. "I don't suppose your clan could take in a couple of rouge kits, could you?"

Webfoot leaned in to sniff the bundles of fluff, only a sunrise old at the looks of it. One was a gray she-kit, and the black tom let out a mew as he touched it. They smelt strongly of wild garlic, but there was a hint of something underneath it...

"I will," Webfoot replied, and he felt Bluefur relax, "if you tell me who the true parents are." The blue she-cat stiffened again, and parted her jaws to lie, but then sighed and obliged.

"They're mine and Cinderfoot's. Take care of them well, will you?" Bluefur rushed through her words, loping away and Webfoot's nod. He sighed. Secrets cannot stay hidden forever.

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"I... I did...but I promised...." Webfoot stuttered.

"You didn't think to tell me, your mate? You are the least faithful tom I know!" Nightstar spat.

"I couldn't just leave helpless kits out there to die!" Webfoot wailed. "I promised Bluefur I would keep her secret!"

Nightstar's gaze softened, then suddenly hardened like diamonds. "So what you're saying is that you're Bluefur's mate?"

"No!" Webfoot exploded.

"Oh yeah? You would keep her secret from me, your so called mate!"

Webfoot gulped. "It's not like that! You see...."

Nightstar interrupted. "No, I don't see! All you are is a lying, cheating, mouse-brained tom! I can't believe that I ever loved you!"

"Nightstar, if you would just listen..."

The black she-cat shoved her muzzle up into Webfoot's face. Her green eyes glinted in anger, and she exploded into a howl.

"You know what, Webfoot? I'm sick of your excuses. I'm sick of your

lies. I'm sick of you face! I'm sick of you, Webfoot, and I want you out of my life!"

Her words echoed around the clearing, and Webfoot shrank back against the wall, where Nightstar had cornered him. The LightningClan leader dropped back down on four paws, and stalked back into her den.

Enough drama for you?? :P

Claw's name thing is still open (Only got one entry, come on guys! We can do better than this :D)

This is what I originally wrote as a message to you guys... PLS read!

As you guys probably do not know, i'm going to Vancouver and Seattle for Christmas, and that means that I will not be updating then (December 19th- January 1st). BUT.... i'll probably be bored on the 18 HOUR FLIGHT so i'll hopefully finish this chapter between the outbound and inbound flights. 36 hour writing frenzy :3

In other news, I will also be busy this entire week (up until when I leave). I have a huge geography essay due and i'm supposed to be doing it now! So you can expect an update by the 19th :)

I saved the best for last... THANK YOU FOR 1K VIEWS!!

And thank you one of you who nominated me for the Watty Warriors interview... I forgot to mention it until now!

-Alliehuang :3

Vote, comment and I hope you enjoyed!

Chapter Fourteen

//@daydreamingcloud won the contest for Claw's new name, and @Vectorsigma and @catisawesome got to choose FrecklexDusk's two kit's names. Enjoy~ ^^

"Bet you can't catch me!" Berrykit squealed and hurtled across the camp, his tiny paws pitter-pattering across the clearing. Emberblaze's kits, Brightkit and Nutkit, stumbled out of the nursery, and Brightkit gave an excited bounce before racing away. *My kits,* Duskfoot thought, though as usual regretful memories began to fill his mind, of a certain black and white medicine cat.

An orange queen padded out of the nursery after her kits, and let out a long stretch. Duskfoot grinned at the sight of his mate, and met her at the fresh kill pile.

"What are you doing this evening?" Emberblaze asked as the two began to share tongues. The brown tom yawned and looked up at the darkening sky. It was a beautiful sight- oranges mized with dark reds and a touch of yellow. It comforted his conflicting thoughts about his decision- one that he regretted more and more with each passing day.

"I'm on the evening patrol." Duskfoot meowed, standing up twining his tail with his mate's. "Will you be alright?" Emberblaze locked her gaze with his, her green eyes shining with amusement.

"Of course I will. Taking care of kits it tiring, but..." Her eyes were dark, without even a hint of amusement glimmering in their depths.

Duskfoot immediately knew what she was thinking about, and he waved his tail in farewell, only to bump into a group of restless kits.

Brightkit was chasing Berrykit around in circles, their black and

brown and white fur blending together. Stormkit and Dawnkit, the two sisters, sat against the nursery wall quitely conversing. It was only Nutkit who shrunk against the ground, flattening her ears against her head. *She was always the shyest kit in the nursery, but I can't imagine what will happen when she becomes an apprentice...* Inching closer, he noticed that Nutkit was refusing the other kits' offers to play mossball.

"Nutkit!" He called and prodded his kit. The black, brown and white she-kit leapt to her paws, and wildly swiveled her head around, fixing her bright golden eyes on Duskfoot.

"Hi Duskfoot!" She meowed, leaping up to cling onto her father's back. Duskfoot let out a sigh of relief. *Nutkit just seems different from the other kits- Brightkit fits in so well, but Nukit seems so alone all the time...*

"Can you play with me?" Nukit looked up at her father with pleading eyes, but he had to shake his head.

"Sorry, but I'm on the evening patrol." Duskfoot licked his daughter's ears affectionally, before turning away to join Webfoot, who was leading the patrol. "I'll be back soon!" The brown tom raced over to join the large group of gathered cats, including the new apprentices, Hootpaw, Ripplepaw, Thrushpaw, Wolfpaw, Hazelpaw, and Scorchpaw. Among them were also new warriors Cheetahclaw, Mudfoot and Poppypool.

"Webfoot," Duskfoot began hesitantly, "Isn't this too many cats to be on one patrol?" The deputy shook his head as if clearing his thoughts, and nodded.

"We're going to split up. There's been reports of rouges around the area, so we need to check our borders frequently and carefully," Webfoot replied, lashing his tail to attract the attention of all the gathered cats. He leapt onto a fallen log, and all eyes turned to him.

"I will lead one patrol, with Sootfur, Mosspelt, Duskfoot, Firestorm, Hootpaw and Ripplepaw. We will patrol the border we share with StreamClan. The second patrol will be led by Leopardfur, consisting of Sunstrike, Frostpelt, Silverstorm, Poppypool, Thrushpaw, and

Wolfpaw. They will patrol the border we share with StalkClan." Webfoot turned to look at Mousefoot. "You can take Leopardclaw, and-"

Nightstar bounded out of her den, her green eyes glaring defiantly. "I will lead the final patrol," she meowed, trying to repress a growl rumbling in her throat. Webfoot narrowed his eyes and met her gaze, and for a moment the former mates seemed to be locked in a silent battle. Duskfoot gulped in worry. *Neither of them have been quite the same as they were two seasons ago, before the fight...*

Finally, Webfoot nodded, dipping his head in respect as Nightstar took his place on the log. "I will take Mousefoot, Whitestripe, Leopardclaw, Hazelpaw and Scorchpaw. We will patrol the outskirts of our territory." With one last glare at Webfoot, she flicked her tail as a signal for her patrol to gather behind her.

"Wait!" Emberblaze called. "Don't we need to send out a hunting patrol? There's hardly anything on the fresh kill pile!"

Leaf-fall's almost here, and prey is harder to catch than ever.

Nightstar let out a heavy sigh, and the clan exchanged worried glances. *Nightstar is the most affected; she seems to have forgotten how to lead the clan.* "Leopardfur's patrol can go hunting instead. Frostpelt, you should lead since you're better at hunting." Leopardfur winced at his leader's criticism, and backed away to the depths of the group.

Following Webfoot's lead, Duskfoot couldn't help but feel worried that they were only leaving two warriors behind to guard the camp. Mudfoot and Spiderfall didn't look too happy about it either, and they waved their tails in farewell as the two guard became mere specks in the distance.

The patrol was uneventful, and Duskfoot found his thoughts wandering to Freckleleaf, the beautiful medicine cat who he was **once** in love with. He sighed. *I can't lie to myself... every time I see her, I regret choosing Emberfoot instead of her, but how could we be together? She's a medicine cat, and besides.. she hates me for telling her I don't love her anymore. I wish that I could tell her that I was lying,*

lying to convince myself that I could leave her and be happy with another she-cat. I wish that I could tell her that when I think of her, my heart cracks into two. But more than anything, I wish that we could be together.

"Duskfoot?" Webfoot's call interrupted his thoughts. "Are you okay?"

Duskfoot shook his head. "Do you ever feel that love is a wonderful thing, but has the power to tear you apart?" Webfoot looked up at him, startled. His blue eyes were drenched in sorrow, and he nodded.

"Only too well, Duskfoot." The patrol continued padding along, and he couldn't help but admire Ripplepaw's quiet dignity, compared to his sister's bouncing gait. Hootpaw and Ripplepaw were both kits of Leaf, a cat who was considered evil, but both soon proved their worth by being two of the best apprentices LightningClan had ever seen. *Especially Ripplepaw- he really changed his ways. I remember when he was a broken and ruthless kit, who wanted to follow in his mother's footsteps. Back then, his name was Claw.*

Suddenly, Duskfoot heard a battle cry, and cats yowling in pain. "Quickly!" Webfoot yowled, speeding off to the edge of LightningClan territory, panic evident in the deputy's voice. The patrol followed, crashing through the undergrowth. *Please don't let my clanmates be hurt!* As they got closer, the cries became louder and louder, before they stopped. The patrol raced into the clearing, and Duskfoot heard Webfoot gasp in fear.

Laying in the clearing was dead bodies- dead bodies of his clanmates. Suddenly, a black figure struggled to her paws. "Nightstar!" Firestorm cried, and hurried to support her leader. "What happened?"

The leader's blood stained black fur was ruffled, and she gasped for air before parting her jaws to reply. "Leaf happened," Nightstar growled. "She had a whole army of rouges, and clan cats who betrayed us."

Webfoot's patrol howled in panic, and Duskfoot widened his eyes in horror as he watched the healthy cats struggle to lift their

unconsious and fallen clanmates back to camp. *If one good thing came out of this, it's that it can't get any worse. With leaf-bare just around the corner, we can't afford to have injured warriors.*

Little did Duskfoot know that this was only the beginning of the trouble.

//Hope you liked it! If you did, please take one second to click the little star in the corner ^^

-Alliehuang

Chapter Fifteen

I'm sorry that this chapter is a load of crap, but 1,500 words were deleted, I wasted 3 hours of my life and I am in no mood to rewrite it. That's also why this took so long to post :'(

Seriosuly, wattpad should auto-save. My computer glitched out and all of my work was gone.

A slender she-cat slid down to the pool, her white fur glistening in the moonlight. A muscular gray-and-white tom followed close behind her, and a brown she-cat raced beside him, her starry paws touching the ground but disturbing no earth.

Suddenly, the white she-cat halted. She turned to glare at the lithe she-cat, who immediately hung her head. "Fallownose, calm yourself! There's nothing to be worried about."

"But Featherstar, the fate of all the clans can depend on the five cats we choose to guide them!" Fallownose protested, her eyes sparkling in annoyance.

Featherstar parted her jaws as if she was about to reply, when Stormpelt motioned for them to be silent. The cats had reached a shallow pond, and from around it 9 pairs of eyes turned to look at them.

"Greetings, Featherstar," a brown tom meowed, dipping his head.

"You too, Oakstar."

"It seems we are the last to arrive... is everyone here?"

Oakstar dipped his head, as did a black she-cat and a dark ginger tom.

"Great. We'll begin." Oakstar stepped up to the pond, and a white she-cat and a black tom trailed behind him. "I, Oakstar, have arrived with Dappleheart and Sootfeather to represent StreamClan.

We have chosen a cat that we believe will be worthy of their responsibility." The brown tom touched his nose to the pool, and an image of a gray she-cat with striking blue eyes appeared, taking a bite out of a salmon.

"I'm so surprised," Windstar mowed sarcastically. "You're lucky she was spared by Darkclaw," the black she-cat scoffed. "Why did you let him know of your choice?"

"It's a long story...." Oakstar mewed, shuffling his paws in embarrasment.

"...For another day." The ginger tom's gruff voice interuppted. "We're wasting moonlight."

Featherstar cleared her throat. "Do we all agree?"

Murmurs of agreement spread through the council, and one by one they touched their noses to the pond.

"We're next," the black she-cat meowed, her amber gaze raking the group of cats, daring any of them to defy her. "I, Windstar, have arrived with Redtail and Spotfur to represent SwiftClan. See and approve of our choice." Windstar touched her nose to the surface of the pond, and the ripples subsided to reveal the image of a dark brown tom with bright green eyes grooming himself.

"What!" Redtail spluttered. "I thought we agreed on Whiskerfur!"

Windstar turned to face her mate. "Whiskerfur? That flirt? What are you thinking?" Amused purrs passed through the crowd, and Redtail stared down in embarrasement.

"She follows Runningsun around like a fish sticking to water," Spotfur meowed. The pool shuddered, and and they watched a pale ginger she-cat follow a sleek gray tom around, until a light gray she-cat, supposedly Runningsun's mate interfered.

"Fine! Would you stop mocking me?" Redtail tucking his tail around his paws, and shot Windstar a half angry glance. The pool rippled, and the image of the dark brown tom appeared yet again.

"You all agree, correct?" Windstar directed her question at Redtail, and the red tom nodded immediately, purring in laughter. The cats looked at each other and nodded, staring intently as the golden tom vanished from sight.

"I, Duststar, have arrived with Grasslight and Mistfur to represent Stalkclan. The cat we have chosen possesses great potential, and I **know** that he is worthy of the trust we will be granting him." At the moment the tip of his nose made contact with the shimmering pond, the surface lit up to show the image of a golden tom, chewing on a mouse in a clearing.

At once, the council of cats let out murmurs of approval.

"A fine specimen," Oakstar commented.

"He will do just fine, and he's quite experienced- compared to the others," Featherstar agreed.

"Is it final?" Duststar asked, his amber eyes glaring. "Do we all believe this cat will uphold the responsibilities that come with this job?"

Nodding, the cats stepped forward, touching their noses to the pool. The tom's image was broken into a million pieces, before fading to the depths of the pool.

"I believe we are last," Featherstar mewed. "Dawn has almost arrived, and LightningClan has chosen wo cats to present to you, so we have no time to waste."

"I still don't understand why we don't get to choose two cats," Windstar huffed. Fallownose rolled her eyes.

"Let's not get into this argument again, okay?" Stormpelt meowed with a voice full of authority. Windstar sighed, and turned her back away from the other cats.

Featherstar shot her an awry glance before continuing. "I, Featherstar, have arrived with-"

"This is getting old," Duststar complained. "Can you just get on with

it?"

Featherstar touched her nose to the pool, and two she-cats appeared, one taller than the other. The taller she-cat had a gray and white pelt, and the shorter had brown, white and black fur, with a pair of sparkling eyes.

"Isn't that the kit named after you?" Oakstar questioned Stormpelt, who nodded.

Windstar, who had by then turned around, parted her jaws to deliver a scathing comment. "The smaller one- a risky choice. Her birth was decieved, and was an act against the warrior code! She's bad luck from the start!"

Featherstar's gaze hardened. "These are the two cats we chose. Do you agree?"

Half-hearted murmurs escaped the crowd, but they touched their noses to the pool, and the image wavered before disappearing.

"Are we done yet?"

"No. Have you forgotten the visits we have to make?"

"That. Can we get it over with?"

"We will visit the chosen ones tonight."

I may go back and edit +add more since this chapter is so short ;(Hope you enjoyed! I promise the next chapter will be more eventful- this chapter had to be squeezed out of my system.

Chapter Sixteen

Nutkit leaped through the undergrowth, frustration forcing her legs to move faster. *I must catch that butterfly!* The white creature fluttered through the meadow and Nutkit hissed in anger, launching herself off the ground and extending her paws, only to land just out of reach in a heap on the floor.

Featherstar giggled and took a deep breath. "Are you ready, Featherstar?" The white she-cat turned to see Oakstar, Windstar and Duststar, and she hesistated for a second before nodding. Leaning forward to touch her nose to the pool, she recoiled at the could touch, but held her breath before diving into the depths. Featherstar winced at the freezing sensation that passed through her body, but the waves soon passed over her body in a soothing sensation, and she closed her eyes, allowing darkness to engulf her.

"Fe-featherstar?" She opened her eyes, and immediately scrambled to her feet, shaking the water out of her long, silky fur, only to realize she was completely dry. Featherstar whipped around to face Nutkit.

The little she-kit's golden eyes were stretched wide, and were filled with amazement, wonder, and fear. "Aren't you dead?" Featherstar let out a mmrow of laughter.

"Yes, I am, but this is a dream."

"I'm being visited by StarClan? This is... awesome!" Nutkit lept up into the air with a joyful yowl. Suddenly, she sat down and curled her tail around her paws, the she-kit's expression suddenly remorseful. "This doesn't mean that i'm going to become a medicine cat, does it? Because my apprentice ceremony is tomorrow, and... I want to become a warrior!"

"No Nutkit, you are going to become a warrior." At this, the tri-colored kit let out a sigh of relief. "But you won't be any ordinary warrior." Nutkit's eyes stretched wide as Featherstar continued.

"You have been chosen by StarClan to be part of a dangerous journey, the only hope if the clans are to be saved. Don't fear, because others will be with you, as will StarClan." Featherstar saw that Nutkit's shape was beginning to fade, and looked up to see the brightening sky.

Dawn is coming soon. I better hurry.

"You will meet with the other chosen cats next moonrise, at fourtrees." Nutkit's misty figure dipped it's head, and then vanished completely. Featherstar sighed. *I hope she got the message.*

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"Nutkit!" She blinked open her sleepy eyes, and stumbled to her paws. Glancing around, she noticed that the space around her was empty- her mother and littermate nowhere in sight. *It's my apprentice ceremony today... I hope i'm not late!*

"Coming!" Nutkit scampered out into the clearing, licking a paw and drawing it over her ear. She was met by a frantic Emberblaze, and her littermate Brightkit. Her littermate was bouncing up and down excitedly as Duskfoot struggled to lick her pelt flat.

"Can you believe it, Nutkit? We're becoming apprentices!" She squealed, squirming around like she had a prickle in her paw. Nutkit nodded, unable to supress a tinge of envy. She looked at her littermate's perfect fawn brown fur and sparkling blue eyes, then back at her scruffy excuse for a pelt. It was a brown, black and white blur, with a few scraps of moss buried in between.

Emberblaze seemed to read her mind, and launched onto Nutkit, who rolled her eyes. *I'm not a kit anymore!* She bit back a comment at a glance from her mother's loving amber eyes, and instead stayed put, keeping her eyes fixed on the highrock.

The sun was just beginning to reach it's peak height. *Any time now, Nightstar will pad out of her den.*

Nutkit glanced around the clearing and saw the cats begin to gather. Webfoot sat on the deputy's tree stump, with Stormpaw,
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Dawnpaw and Berrypaw sitting in front of him practicing battle moves. Duskfoot followed her gaze, and winced visibly at the deputy. Nutkit was confused. *I thought Duskfoot was one of Webfoot's good friends...*

She followed the clan deputy's gaze up the highrock, only to see Nightstar perched on the edge of it. Webfoot's blue gaze was filled with sorrow, regret, and a hint of anger. *I know that they used to be mates, but that was 6 moons ago! Can't they get over it?* Nutkit rolled her eyes, and she felt a sharp prod in her side.

"Nutkit!" Brightkit hissed, her blue eyes glimmering in anger. Nutkit rolled her eyes yet again. *Oh, no. It's my perfect littermate coming to save the day. Again.*

"Pay attention! And stop rolling your eyes at me!" Nutkit stared at the ground, and nodded, gritting her teeth in frustration. As Duskfoot whipped around to see what was going on, Brightkit stood up on her hind paws.

"Duskfoot, Nutkit has a piece of fur sticking up on her head." Nutkit flattened her stomach to the dusty ground, and felt her father's tongue rasp between her ears. *Brightkit, I know you mean well, but can you please make a mistake for once?!*

"Let all cats gather beneath the highrock for a clan meeting!"

It's because of Brightkit. Everything is Brightkit's fault. She's just so perfect, and special, and i'm not- Nutkit lifted her paw to jab at a pebble, only to hurt her paw. She tucked it under her chest, not wanting to go visit Freckleleaf. She closed her eyes, trying desprately not to drift off in the clearing. *Why am I so tired?*

Suddenly, she remembered everything. Featherstar visiting her, the prophecy, the other chosen cats... *I am special. I have to remember, fourtrees at sundown-* "Nutkit and Brightkit, please step forward." She took a deep breath, and with an encouraging nod from Emberblaze and Duskfoot, padded up to the foot of the highrock. Brightkit pranced along beside her on steady legs, and Nutkit couldn't help but let the corners of her lips turn up into a scowl.

She struggled to steady herself on her wobbling legs, and Brightkit had to slow her pace so Nutkit could catch up. *How embarrasing..* She couldn't meet Nightstar's eye as she began to perform the ceremony for Brightkit.

"From this moment forward, until you receive your warrior name you will be known as Brightpaw. Your mentor will be Pinefur. Pinefur, I trust that you will pas on all you know to this apprentice." Nutkit didn't even bother to look at her littermate, who was proudly touching her nose to Pinefur's. *For a split second, Brightpaw's an apprentice and i'm a kit.*

"Nutkit, you will be known as Nutpaw." *Not anymore.* "Your mentor will be Silverstorm." Nutpaw let out the breath she had been holding. The slender she-cat padded up to the front of the group, and Nutpaw stretched her head to touch her mentor's nose.

"I'll try my best," Silverstorm breathed, and Nutpaw giggled noticing that her menotr seemed even more excited than she was.

Once the cats were dismissed, Silverstorm immediately whisked her away from her congratulating family and brought her to the entrance of the camp. Nutpaw glanced around, trying to find Brightpaw, and sighed in relief when she realized her perfect littermate was nowhere to be found.

The impatient flicking of Silverstorm's tail let Nutpaw's gaze snap back to her mentor. She flattened her ears against her head, expecting to see a glare from the silver warrior's blue eyes, and relaxed when she met the friendly gleam. "Today i'm going to teach you the basics of hunting."

"But- all new apprentices go on a territory patrol first!" Nutpaw exclaimed.

"I thought you wouldn't mind a little change," Silverstorm meowed before bolting off. Nutpaw struggled to follow, her short legs making it extrememly hard for her to catch up.

Nutpaw pushed through the thorn barrier, and dipped her head to drop her mouse on the fresh kill pile, lifting her head in triumph.

"Great job," Silverstorm praised, before taking her own starling and slipping off to chat with Sunstrike. Nutpaw sighted, and half-heartedly began to chew at her dinner.

"Nutpaw!" She twisted to see Duskfoot, Emberblaze and Brightpaw making their way over to join her. "How was your first day of training?"

"Good," Nutpaw responded, and her ears perked up at the memory of her first catch. "Silverstorm took me-"

"Yeah, mine was awesome!" Brightaw interrupted. "Pinefur and I went to check out the territory, and it's HUGE! I even caught a squirrel on my first try! It was almost as big as me! And then I met up with Berrypaw, Dawnpaw and Stormpaw and we padded back to camp together!" Brightpaw took a deep breath. "And then, we saw the most wonderful thing-"

"Brightpaw," Duskfoot coaxed, "Don't you think it's time you go rest?" Nutpaw looked up to see the darkening sky, and Brightpaw yawned, waving her tail in farewell.

"You too, Nutpaw." Nutpaw parted her jaws to protest, but a huge yawn escaped her, and she gave in, following Brightpaw into the apprentice's den. *The apprentice's den!*

As Nutpaw tried to get settled in the stiff and parched moss, she remembered where she was supposed to be.

Moonhigh at fourtrees.... I forgot!

Quickly, she scampered out of her nest, careful not to disturb the other apprentices. Nutpaw shuddered as she stepped on Berrypaw's tail; but the black tom only rolled over, and Nutpaw's breathing soon relaxed. Glancing around the camp, she scuttered by the half-asleep guard, Sharpclaw, and raced out of the thorn tunnel.

At once, she was overwhelemed with the scents of the forest. Only then did she realize- *I have no idea where fourtrees is!*

Chapter Seventeen

Sorry for not updating, but here it is ;v;

Tailfur belongs to @vectorsigma.

Enjoy!

Nutpaw glanced around warily before deciding to try and track the scents of the cats who went to the gathering a half-moon ago. The shadows danced and flickered over her pelt, and Nutpaw found herself flattening her ears against her head. She pressed her nose to the ground, and detected a faint trace of scent.

She sniffed again. It was surprisingly easy to track, and she happily bounded along the path. Something told her it wasn't quite right, but her determination to get to fourtrees drove her forward.

Nutpaw tried to remember what her mother had told her about gatherings, but all she thought of was that there was a great tree in the clearing. Mousedung! How can I be chosen by StarClan if I don't even know where the gathering is?

She decided that the only way was to follow the mysterious scent. Nutpaw kept her eyes peeled open, and she jumped at the sight of a shadow flickering past her.

Don't be silly. It's just the trees! Then again, she saw the shadow whiz past her into some nearby bushes. And this time she knew it was definetly a cat, when she heard someone meow "Ow!"

Nutpaw felt her heart racing. What if it's a ShadowClan cat? I don't know much about them, but i do know that they eat kits for breakfast! She slowly began to back into a rosemary bush behind her, when she stepped on a brittle twig.

Nutpaw winced as the loud Snap echoed throughout the forest, then pressed her stomach to the ground. She felt earth and grit brush

against her soft belly fur, but Nutpaw didn't care. My first day as an apprentice, and i'm getting killed!

She winced as the cat stepped towards her, and let out a whimper of fear, wrapping her fluffy tail around her paws. I'm sorry... She squeezed her eyes shut and prepared for impact.

"Nutpaw?"

Nutpaw blinked her eyes open, and could scarcely meet the other cat's gaze. She felt so embarrased.

"What are you doing out here so late?"

Nutpaw looked down at her paws. "I... I..." she sighed. "Sorry, Stormpaw."

The silver and white apprentice's long fur fluttered in the breeze, and her hard, dissaproving glare bore down on her. Suddenly, Nutpaw began to feel a little remorseful. *Stormpaw's an apprentice too... what is she doing out so late?*

Before she had time to process her thoughts, she realized that they were tumbling out of her mouth. Neverless, Stormpaw was not pleased. But Nutpaw did not get in.

"Answer me!" Nutpaw insisted, and padded up to the older apprentice. It was Stormpaw's turn to look embarrased, and the silver and white she-cat hesistated before nodding.

"Okay," she began, "I'll tell you. StarClan sent me. You have to promise not to tell anyone-"

"What?" Nutpaw exclaimed. Stormpaw narrowed her eyes in anger.

"Are you saying that I don't deserve to be summoned upon?"

Nutpaw widened her eyes, and quickly realised her mistake. "No- I mean, I was visited by StarClan too."

Every trace of Stormpaw's anger vanished, and the furious glint in her eyes was replaced by amusement. "And you, a naive apprentice,

expected to make your way to fourtrees on your own?" She let out a mmrow of amusement, and Nutpaw only felt even more ashamed.

"It's okay. I'll bring you to fourtrees if you'd like!" Stormpaw offered, and turned to go. When she didn't hear the pitter patter of Nutpaw's paws, she paused. and turned back to Nutpaw with a questioning expression on her face. "You are coming, right?"

Nutpaw felt the urge to refuse Stormpaw's help. I can make it there myself! As she was about to refuse, she realised she had no other choice. No, I can't get there myself- look where it got me! Shaking her pelt out, she happily bounded after the older apprentice.

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Nutpaw padded along the well worn path into the clearing, and was immediately hit by a beam of moonlight. The exposed clearing made everything seem to sparkle, and Nutpaw was so captivated that she couldn't even-

"Nutpaw!" She felt Stormpaw's prodding, and relatiated, fixing her gaze on the three cats sitting in the clearing.

"Uhhhh...." Nutpaw mumbled, earning a sharp hiss from her companion.

They both padded over to the dark figures who's shadows loomed threateningly over them- Nutpaw even heard Stormpaw, the usuallly fearless she-cat, let out a gulp of fear.

"Hi!" A blue-gray she-cat meowed, bouncing up and down in excitement. A dark brown tabby tom next to her grinned and nodded towards them, and a yellow tom looked at her before glancing away.

"You were invited by StarClan, right? How cool is that? I can't believe that they chose me! I mean, really-"

"Enough, Riverleap," the yellow tom rumbled, but his tone was light and teasing and his amber eyes glinted in amusement. "I'm Hawkfeather, by the way."

"And i'm Riverleap!" The blue gray she-cat called, and Nutpaw was surprised to see Stormpaw wince.

"What is it?" She whispered to Stormpaw, who sighed in return.

"Nightstar and Webfoot broke up at the gathering where it was revealed that Riverleap is Bluefur's kit."

"Bluefur?" Nutpaw questioned, her amber eyes round with confusion.

"She was a medicine cat, but now no one knows where she is," Stormpaw meowed, and froze when Tailfur looked at her.

"Stormpaw, Nightstar's kit, right?" As the gray and white she-cat nodded, her let out a mmrow of amusement. "I've heard a lot about you from Webfoot. He says that you're a good kit."

"How old are you?" Nutpaw asked, and grimaced at Stormpaw's hiss. Nutpaw cocked her head. What? What did I say? Tailfur purred.

"It's alright, Stormpaw." The dark brown tabby tom turned towards Nutpaw with a cheeky grin on his muzzle. "Actually, i'm-"

"Let's get on with it!" Hawkfeather yowled, his rumpled golden fur sticking out like he had burrs in his pelt. "We're wasting moonlight."

Stormpaw, Nutpaw, Tailfur and Riverleap gathered in a raggedy circle, and Tailfur cleared his throat. "I was told that we were supposed to work together-"

"-and travel far away to save all of our tails," Hawkfeather rumbled in amusement. Nutpaw purred. I think I like this old tom.

"Anyone know what that means? Where are we supposed to go?" Riverleap interrupted the cheerful meows, and silence settled in the clearing. Nutpaw was surprised to see Stormpaw sit up.

"I-I think it might have something to do with Leaftail." Nutpaw cocked her head to one side.

"You mean Nightstar's evil littermate?" Stormpaw nodded. Nutpaw remembered her father mumbling to himself about Hootpaw, Ripplepaw, Blacktail and Leaftail. When I ask him about it, he only snaps at me.

"Nightstar scared her off, but rumors say that she set up her own clan out there. I think that we're supposed to go and find out what they're planning."

Hawkfeather nodded in agreement. "Big thoughts for such a little cat." Nutpaw purred as Stormpaw flushed pink, her brow furrowed in mock anger.

"We'll be like spies!" Tailfur chimed in. "When do we leave?"

Nutpaw thought about it. *No one really appreciates me for who I am back in camp... maybe being part of this mission will show them that I can be useful to the clan.* "What about we meet back here next full moon?" She meowed.

"That's only a quarter moon away!" Tailfur exclaimed, and Hawkfeather meowed in agreement.

"But if we wait any longer, then we could risk losing our clans. Remember the attack that Nightstar reported a few gatherings ago?" Riverleap reasoned. "A LightningClan patrol was attacked straight on by Leaf and her allies. For all we know, they could be planning something right now!"

I'm afraid they're already are on their way to get us.

Chapter Eighteen

I'm sorry for how long this took to come out ;-;

Good news is that I finished mapping the entire rest of the trioligy, and i'm excited to slowly reveal the plot!

Anyways, here's the chapter!

Riverleap felt her heart pounding in her chest as she raced under the forest canopy as fast as her paws could carry her. The moonlight illuminated her silver fur, and she ducked under a bush, before pausing and twisting her head to gaze at Tailfur.

The dark brown tom's green eyes met hers, and Riverleap felt apprehension tingling down her spine. "Well, I guess this is goodbye then," Tailfur murmured awkwardly after a long, uncomfortable silence.

"Yeah, see you again sometime." Riverleap muttered, not meeting the SwiftClan warrior's gaze. For a moment they stood there in the clearing, each knowing that they had to go their separate ways, but wanting to linger in each other's presence for a little longer.

Riverleap glanced up to see the sun already peeking up over the horizon. *I should get back to camp soon… They'll be worrying and looking for me.*

Without a second thought, she whipped around and turned back on her route towards camp. Only halfway through the journey did she realise that she hadn't said anything to Tailfur before leaving. *Mouse dung! I wouldn't blame him is he hates me for that,* she scolded herself, only half aware of the ruckus she was making with her paws heavily stomping down on literally every twig on the forest floor. *Oh.. whoops.* She glanced around to make sure no one was watching her embarrassing slip up, and sighed in relief as she quickly lightened her pawsteps, taking the less used path to the dirtplace entrance.

Riverleap screwed her nose up as she squirmed underneath the barrier, trying to ignore the foul smells. She was lucky that there was no cat there, and she picked up a piece of stray moss before bouncing into the clearing.

If anyone asked, i'll say that I went to collect moss. There's a good place up on the-

"Riverleap!"She gulped and turned to see Gingerstar's hard amber glare. The newly appointed StreamClan leader's tail lashed angrily, and Riverleap had to fight the urge to turn away. "You were supposed to be on the dawn patrol! Where were you?"

"I.. um.." All of a sudden, Riverleap forgot her excuse that she had sort of planned. "I went to go collect moss, for.." she stuttered, fully aware of Gingerstar's gaze boring into her.

Suddenly, Berrypaw stumbled into her, the trout in his jaws sent flying into the air. Riverleap fell to the ground, but kept her eyes on the fish, falling down onto…

"What is this?" Gingerstar meowed, shaking the trout off her head in disgust. Berrypaw had to try hard to suppress a mmrow of amusement, but even then he was caught off guard.

"It's a trout, Gingerstar," Waterclaw overheard and meowed sarcastically. "Those creatures that swim in the sea?" The bright orange she cat turned to stare at the mottled blue gray warrior, who puffed his chest out in defiance. Gingerstar rolled her eyes before sighing and directing her gaze back to Riverleap.

"If you like collecting moss so much, then that's what you can do for the rest of the evening. Go with Berrypaw to collect more for the elders."

Riverleap widened her eyes. *What? Apprentice duties?* "But-"

Gingerstar eyes were narrowed into slits, but Riverleap ignored her leader's warning. "I'm a warrior, and I only wanted to help!" The blue gray she-cat yowled indignantly. Suddenly, the usual chatter silenced, and Riverleap glanced around the camp, before realizing

that every cat was staring at her. She flattened her ears against her head. *I guess i'm sometimes louder than I think…*

Gingerstar's lips curled into a smile, and she turned around, stalking away to her den. Riverleap forced herself to look away from the smug she-cat's triumphant, waving tail, and she furrowed her brow into a frustrated and annoyed face.

She saw a flash of white enter the corner of her vision, and welcomed the warm presence of her littermate.

"What happened there?" Icewhisker questioned, guiding Riverleap away from her clanmate's stares.She sighed. *I don't know… it just seems like Gingerstar is always trying to embarrass me.*

The deputy and also Gingerstar's littermate, Sunfish, padded up to to Riverleap. Riverleap flinched. *If she asks me to go to the elder's den to care for them, I swear…*

"Sorry about Gingerstar. That was one of her… mood swings," Sunfish meowed, her pale blue eyes sparkling in apology. "Though you should probably just go and collect some moss, Berrypaw's setting out with Waterclaw, you can join them… it's probably not a good idea to make Gingerstar mad!" The deputy's gaze darkened. "And I should know that, with all of the experience I have..." she muttered, before lifting her head up.

''Icewhisker, you can join Otterpool and Minnowtail out on the LightningClan border."

Icewhisker stiffled a mrrow of amusement. "I'm not your apprentice anymore, yet you're still badgering me! Muff umph muff!" Sunfish playfully shoved her tail between Icewhisker's jaws, purring as she padded away.

"Riverleap!" Berrypaw's call startled the blue-gray she-cat, and she turned to see the black tom hopping up on down. "Come on! Last one to the Minnow Pond is fish-food!"

Riverleap purred in amusement, and quickly bounded out of camp, purposefully shortening her strides so the apprentice could keep up.

Then, her worry-free expression vanished, and she remembered visiting the minnow pond with her mother, Bluefur, to collect moss for the stores in the medicine den. Riverleap skidded to a halt.

“Riverleap? Is something wrong?” Berrypaw’s amber eyes were filled with fear, and Riverleap nodded.

“It’s just… something that I need to think about.”

Bluefur, where ever you are right now… I hope you’re safe.

Bluefur felt her heart pounding in her chest as her paws skimmed the forest floor. Where do I go? She whipped her head around frantically, but all she could see were pairs of alarming red eyes, and snapping, hungry jaws…

She scrambled up a tree, only for her weakened body to give way and Bluefur to land with a loud thump on the ground.

The former StreamClan medicine cat gulped in fear, as the pack of dogs closed in on her. *If only I trained as a warrior.. I would still be safe in StreamClan…*

Suddenly, a brown and white she-cat leapt onto the beasts, along with a white tom, a smaller black and white tom and a black and white she-cat. Bluefur struggled to her paws, awestruck by the blessing that was seemingly sent from StarClan.

With an ear piercing howl, the leader of the pack scampered away, followed by his companions.

“Thank you so much! I don’t know what I would have done-” Bluefur heard her heart beating even harder in her chest, as if it was trying to escape. The brown and white she cat narrowed her amber eyes in mock amusement, licking the scarlet flecks off her claws. *I know her from somewhere. I’m sure. But I just can’t quite place*

my paw on it...

“Recognize me, do you?” She sneered. “Don’t worry, you sorry little scrap of fur won’t be tossed back out into the wild. Because we’re hospitable enough to care for you!”

Bluefur tried to scramble away, only to feel a paw lash out on her tail. *I’m trapped… i'm far too weak to fight back.*

The black and white she cat’s green eyes seemed to stare into the depths of Bluefur’s soul. The scrawny white tom effortlessly fastened his teeth into Bluefur’s scruff, hauling her onto his back.

“Why are you struggling? You should be grateful that we’re taking you in.” The brown and white she-cat meowed, her voice softening. “We know who you are, Bluefur. We saved your life, and we expect something in return. Now come.” With that, she let the way through some bushes into the deep undergrowth.

Those amber eyes can only belong to one cat.…

Leaf!

Ooh… Who ships RiverXTail? X3

Please vote and comment! ^^

Chapter Nineteen

I thought I posted this a week ago, but somehow it didn't go through. :C

So sorry for the wait, here's chapter nineteen! owo

Shadefur's ears pricked up as she felt the thrumming of paws on the forest floor. She looked up from her meal, swiping her tongue across her jaw.

Suddenly, the makeshift bramble barrier rustled, and in burst Leaf, with Snake and Sidewindercliff close behind. Shadefur sighed. *Why do I keep hoping- **wishing-** that someone will come here to help?* She kicked her starling across the clearing. *I should just give up.*

Shadefur stopped in her tracks as she heard a growling in her ear. *Uh oh.* She swivelled her head around to see Nightstar- Fang- snarling at her.

"LeafClan can't support you if you waste our prey!" The gray-black tom hissed, his dark amber eyes glistening threateningly, rolling the starling under his front forepaw so it became coated in dust. Shadefur's green eyes stretched wide.

Suddenly, Fang paused, and tossed the piece of prey at Shadefur's paws. "Eat it. You'll die anyways, what difference will it take?" He smirked before padding to sit next to Queen, who flicked her long, snow white tail back and forth, giggling at Fang's every word.

Shadefur couldn't help but grin. *What he doesn't know is that Queen has been with so many toms that even she's lost count! Leaf even got so tired of changing her status that Queen's permanently a.... Queen. That's all the kittypet is good for anyways!*

A few stray kittypets had joined the "clan" for shelter, but few were really accepted by the Killers. *That's what LeafClan calls warriors*.

Queen was one of the few to fit in, immediately taking the liking of Leaf's kit, Blacktail.*The only cat in the clan permitted to have a clan name, in the memory of his father.*

A harsh growl jolted Shadefur out of her thoughts. She flattened her stomach to the ground, folding her ears back submissively. Blacktail trotted into the centre of the muddy camp, his shoulders burdened with the weight of a blue-gray she cat. The black and white tom stopped to have a word with his mother, before padding into the room concealed behind the warriors' den.

The captive didn't even seem to struggle, and Shadefur couldn't help feeling a twinge of sympathy for the she-cat. The dark gray she cat sat up and tried to scent the air to find out if the captive belonged to a clan, but all she could detect was dirt and fear.

Suddenly, a wail echoed across the camp, and Blacktail emerged, glancing across the sea of faces for a particular she cat. His eyes brightened; then they narrowed angrily at the sight of Fang.

Shadefur curled her tail in amusement. *This should be interesting.*

"Queen!" Blacktail yowled, curling his tail protectively around the dainty white kittypet. "What are you doing with this monster?"

Queen stretched her blue eyes wide, faking a look of innocence. "It wasn't me! What was I supposed to do with Fang coming up to me and **demanding** that I chat with him?" She quickly pushed the half eaten mouse back to the fresh kill pile.

Blacktail's eyes clouded in disbelief, and Shadefur giggled as the deputy squared his shoulders and bared his teeth towards Fang, who quickly tried to scrabble away.

"You mess with her, you mess with me," he muttered between clenched teeth, placing a firm paw on Fang's shoulder. Queen quickly slipped away, picking up the mouse she had "discarded", and happily padded over to the nursery to check on her kits.

A yowl shook the camp, and Shadefur turned to see Leaf perched on the fallen tree with Blacktail, Snake and Sidewindercliff behind her.

One by one, the cats padded out of their dens, and gathered to sit in front of their leader with wide eyes full of fear.

Shadefur saw Fang and Adder disappear, returning with a howling scrap of blue fur trying to struggle away from the warriors' grip. *This must be the captive.*

It seemed as if every pair of eyes was fixed on the furious she-cat's desperate struggles to escape. The whirlwind of terror was hauled onto the tree trunk, then pinned down by Snake and Sidewindercliff.

"As you know, LeafClan is growing stronger and stronger every day," Leaf began, striding forward. "But we train so that in battles we fight hard, and injuries are inevitable, even with the strongest cats in the forest." Shadefur tipped her head in confusion. *Leaf never admits that we're weak, even if we're half starved and dying of exhaustion! What is she leading up to?*

"Only a fool would think that we can go on forever without a cat to care for our injuries and sicknesses." Leaf nodded to Snake and Sidewindercliff, who slightly relaxed their grip on the limp and panting cat lying between them.

"I took matters upon myself, and solved the problem myself." Leaf flexed her claws, the sharp tips glinting under the sunlight. Suddenly, the brown and white tabby held her head up hight, and she wrapped her tail around the captive's head, forcing the blue-gray she-cat to stand up."Cats of LeafClan, welcome your new medicine cat!"

Bluefur?

I hope you liked it! Please comment, vote, and have a nice day :3!!

~Allie

Chapter Twenty

Hey guys! It's Alliehuang :3 Yes, i'm finally back, sorry guys :(

I know this chapter is super-duper-pooper-scooper short, and i'm already working on the next chapter so hopefully that will make up for it ;u;

I just really wanted to finish writing this so that I could finally update! *Yay*

Anyways, if you're still reading this book then I just want to thank you so much for sticking by me and not giving up on me uvu

I'll stop waffling on and here's the next chapter! :3

"Nutpaw! Wake up!" The calico she-cat moaned as she felt a paw prodding her flank. Squinting her eyes open, she made out a faint trickle of moonlight in the night sky.

"It's moooon....mooonhigh, let me sleeeeeeeep...." Nutpaw mumbled, tucking her muzzle under her paw while whining in protest.

"Nutpaw!" This time, the voice sounded angry. Furious, even. *Uh-oh.* "Get up, you useless furball! Or we're going to be late for the meeting!"

Nutpaw sighed and rose to her paws, keeping her eyes sealed shut, snickering as she heard Stormpaw sigh in frustration. "Really, Nutpaw?"She opened one eye to gaze at the older apprentice, who was obviously trying to keep from purring.

"Yeah, Speak for yourself, **Stormpaw!** I'd be surprised if you even got up early enough for the evening patrol!" Nutpaw meowed in amusement, using her tail to flick her denmate on the shoulder.

In a nearby nest, Stormpaw's littermate, Dawnpaw, began to stir. Nutpaw held her breath as the creamy she cat's paws jerked in her sleep, as if she was running in her dreams across the shimmering fields of StarClan. Dawnpaw laid still, but Nutpaw didn't say a word until she heard gentle snoring coming from the older apprentice.

Purring in amusement, at the edge of her vision Nutpaw saw Stormpaw's silver-and-white pelt flash by the entrance of the apprentices' den. Stepping lightly and being careful not to disturb her sleeping clanmates, Nutpaw slipped out into the clearing. The moon hung high in the sky- *it must be moonhigh. If we don't hurry, we're going to be late!!*

"Quick," Nutpaw muttered under her breath, racing after Stormpaw into the forest. Duskfoot had fallen asleep on watch, and Nutpaw couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Duskfoot's always grumpy when he doesn't sleep enough!! I'd bet a month of dawn patrols that he'd never-

Nutpaw's train of thought broke off as the thought of leaving her everything, every cat, and the only place she had ever known, to venture out into the unknown.

"Nutpaw?" Stormpaw called out, turning back when she realised Nutpaw wasn't following her. "Is something wrong?"

Nutpaw looked up at Stormpaw, and for the first time, she noticed powerful muscles rippling under the powerful she-cat's pelt. Her intelligence was also not to be overlooked- Stormpaw was often called to help with planning battle tactics, and was the only apprentice ever privileged enough to be trusted by Nightstar to work with the senior warriors. She was fearless, and never shied away from the prospect of battle-plus she'd do just about anything for her clan.

Tailfur was witty, and was great at thinking on his feet. His SwiftClan blood made him the fastest of all the cats in the group, and Nutpaw was sure that this would come in handy on the long and perilous journey.

Hawkfeather was the most experienced warrior, and his wisdom was a good change from the younger warriors and apprentices' naïve-ness. He was an extremely skilled hunter, and being from StalkClan, very good at stalking silently through deep undergrowth.

And who could forget Riverleap, the bubbly and enthusiastic cat in the group. She always seemed to be full of energy, and her enthusiasm was infectious, making any difficult task seem less daunting.

These cats were all very capable of pushing through whatever hardships faced them up ahead, and deep down in her heart, she knew that they could do it. They would find out where Leaf was hiding, and save the clans. Their legacy would forever be left in the clans, even long after they raced in the starry fields in the sky.

With a decisive shake of her head, Nutpaw continued padding towards fourtrees, her eyes glinting in the moonlight. *We can do it. I don't know where our paws will lead us, but I have faith in StarClan and believe that somehow- we will save the clans.*

I hope you enjoyed this chapter and please leave any feedback in the comments below! Every comment means so much to me :> If you enjoyed it please vote for this chapter, it'll make my day!!

-Alliehuang

Chapter Twenty-One

Yay, a new update! I updated pretty quickly this time :D

I hope you all enjoy!

-Alliehuang :3

Tailfur panted as he raced through the moorland, bunching his muscles and driving himself forward as fast as possible. The rabbit squealed in terror as the brown tom shot forward, claws extended, and sank his fangs into the creature's fur.

Satisfied, Tailfur carefully carried the warm body in the jaws, staggering a little as he made his way to Fourtrees. *This will make a good meal for us before the journey... I'm pretty sure we're going to need it.*

Padding along, the moonlight turned his sleek, dark pelt silver, and Tailfur warily glanced over his shoulder to make sure he wasn't being followed, before continuing on.

He spotted a clump of sheltered plants, encased in frost. *Burnet! That's one of the travelling herbs that medicine cats use, isn't it?* Tailfur set the rabbit down next to him, and bent down to nip a few stalks off, wincing as the bitter juices flooded his mouth. *This could be useful on our journey to curb our hunger. But what if one of us gets hurt? What are we going to do then?*

Leaf-bare's about to arrive- this a bad time to leave SwiftClan.

Suddenly, a silver shape shot through the undergrowth, and Tailfur unsheathed his claws, standing protectively over his prey. A snarl parted his lips, and he hissed in surprise and malice. "Who are you?"

A small head poked out of the bushes, and the cat was wearing a

playful smile on her face. "Hey Tailfur!" Riverleap purred, bounding over to him. She sniffed at the burnet stems on the ground, and nodded. "Burnet. Good thinking, we might need that on the journey."

Tailfur tried to pretend he knew that it was Riverleap all along, and wasn't intimidated at all. "Hi... uh.. you know that I knew you were there, right?" He mewed awkwardly, shuffling his paws in the earth.

Riverleap let out a mmrow of amusement, and picked up the burnet stems in her teeth and bounded away without saying a word. "You can't catch me!" She paused to meow, before sprinting off again.

Stupid she-cats! Tailfur thought, before picking the rabbit up and racing after Riverleap, adrenaline surging through his veins. He wished that it could always be like this- just him and Riverleap, having fun together. The brown tom furrowed his brow and sighed. *We have a difficult task ahead of us- but I know that StarClan chose us for a reason. We must not give up before the journey even begins!*

"I bet I can!" Tailfur yowled, dashing into the canopy of the forest.

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"Where are they?" Hawkfeather mumbled, pricking his ears for any noise of pawsteps.

"I don't know," Nutpaw replied, sharing tongues with Stormpaw. "All I know is that they better get here soon, or we'll have no time to hunt before dawn!" The calico apprentice's stomach rumbled, as if to prove her point.

"I'll go hunt now," Stormpaw mewed, getting up and bouncing off into the woods. Hawkfeather parted his jaws to argue, but Stormpaw quickly added, "-Don't worry, I'll stay in LightningClan territory."

Satisfied, the golden tom dipped his head, and the small gray-and-white shape soon disappeared into the woods.

As fast as you could say "mouse", Riverleap and Tailfur padded into

the clearing, their jaws stuffed full of prey and herbs. Hawkfeather felt a purr rumble in his chest. *They'd be perfect together- if only they were part of the same clan.*

"You finally arrived!" Nutpaw mewed, pausing to sniff at Tailfur's rabbit. "That's huge! Especially since it's almost leaf-bare. How are you going to eat that yourself?" She commented, her eyes as huge as moons.

Tailfur purred. "Of course i'm not going to eat it alone! It's to share, of course!"

"Thanks Tailfur!" The apprentice meowed, swiping her tongue over her jaws.

Riverleap padded up to Hawkfeather. "Where's Stormpaw?"

"Hunting," Hawkfeather replied. "Great catch, Tailfur!" The golden tom crouched over the piece of prey, and began to divide it into five equal parts. Just then, Stormpaw emerged from the bushes, two mice swinging from her jaws.

The small she-cat dropped them down in the clearing. "Sorry it's not much, it's all I could find," she admitted. "Great StarClan, who caught that rabbit?"

"Tailfur did," Riverleap purred. "Let's eat before it's time to leave!" The blue-gray she cat pushed a haunch towards the apprentice, and Stormpaw bent her head and began to eat it.

"I was wondering-" Tailfur paused in between bites and meowed- "If one of us gets hurt, what will we do? Will we have to come back so that a medicince cat can help?"

"That's mouse-brained!" Hawkfeather hissed. "Who knows how far away Leaf's camp is?"

"I know about some herbs," Riverleap chimed in. "Icewhisker taught me a few things when we were both apprentices. I'm not sure how much I can remember though!"

"Me too," Nutpaw squeaked. "When I was a kit, Frecklefoot was

always trying to teach me about herbs." The small she-cat wrinkled her nose. "I think she wanted me to be her apprentice, but I want to become a warrior!"

Lapping at an icy pool of water, Riverleap got up. "It's time to go. Patrols will be out soon- we don't want them to know where they're going!"

"Why not?" Nutpaw asked. The older warriors had all told her not to say anything, even to Brightpaw, Emberfoot or Duskfoot- and she had kept her promise, but she wanted to know why.

"Because then our clanmates would follow us, thinking we need their help- but this is for the five of us to do alone. If it was impossible, then why would StarClan send us? Why not send the message to the clan leaders so everyone could fight together? Only the five of us received the dream, so that means that StarClan knows that we can do it, and knows that we don't need help from our clanmates. We wouldn't want to put them in danger, would we?" Hawkfeather meowed, his eyes darkened in thought.

Tailfur nodded, swallowing his share of burnet, and gagging almost immediately afterwards.

"It's time for us to go," Riverleap meowed, looking up at the starry band of Silverpelt. "StarClan help us!"

Thank you all for reading! Please vote for this chapter if you enjoyed it :3

A bit of TailfurxRiverleap fluff in this chapter-
Sorry vectorsigma , I couldn't resist XD

Hopefully I can get the next chapter up soon, time to do homework now!

<3 Alliehuang

Chapter Twenty-Two

Duskfoot purred as he watched Ripplepaw stalk a squirrel. Hootpaw and Brightpaw sat nearby, with their paws curled neatly under their chests, watching the young tom intently; and Leopardfur's ears were pricked as he scanned the undergrowth for any sign of movement.

Duskfoot sighed. *I can't help but worry about Nutpaw... and I should be worried! She's my kit, and StarClan knows where she is!*

It had hardly been a few sunrises since Stormpaw and Nutpaw had disappeared, and many search parties had been sent out to look for them. Though the warriors had been able to track their scent up to fourtrees, the scent trail had been lost after that.

Emberblaze was solemn, but she wasn't very worried about her kit. And Duskfoot knew why.

"It's alright, Emberblaze. The patrols will do their best to find Nutpaw," Nightstar had announced in an attempt to soothe the flame orange she-cat. To the LightningClan leader's surprise, Emberblaze simply gave a curt nod, and bounded off to join a patrol.

Freckleleaf, on the other paw, was quite distraught about the entire situation. "What if one of them gets hurt? They won't know what herbs to use, and they could poison themselves!" Duskfoot had to jab the black-and-white spotted medicine cat in the ribs to get her to quiet down.

The forest had been eerily silent ever since the apprentices had disappeared- almost too silent. The threat of Leaf and her band of rogues was growing stronger everyday, and Nightstar had ordered more battle practice so that LightningClan could be prepared for

attack. But Duskfoot felt like however much they prepared, it would never be enough.

Because Leaf was determined to come get them.

The brown tom suddenly look up as he heard Hootpaw utter a shrill shriek. "Hootpaw?"

Ripplepaw pounced, then paused to cast a questioning glance towards Duskfoot, before neatly picking up his catch and trotting over to the warrior. "What's happened?" He meowed.

Brightpaw's lips were curled back in a snarl, and her ears were pressed back against her head- but it was obvious to see how scared the young apprentice was. Her claws were unsheathed and digging into the earth, and her tail was quivering. At the sight of Ripplepaw and Duskfoot, Brightpaw relaxed slightly, loosening her grip on the earth.

"H-hh-ootpaw...." She trembled, choking the words out as if every syllable lodged a sharp thorn into her throat. "They took her...."

"Who?" Duskfoot demanded, pacing in agitation. Without a second word, Leopardfur raced back to camp to let Nightstar know of the news.

"That black and white tom..."

".....Do you know him?"

Suddenly, Brightpaw's amber eyes lit up with recognition, then immediately darkened again, the temporary brightness being replaced with a dark, eerie glow. The apprentice flexed her claws, and hissed-"Black, or whatever they call him now. Leaf's kit."

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Shadefur snapped awake as she felt a paw graze her shoulder. "Get up, you useless lump of fur!" Snake snarled, unsheathing his long, sharp claws and digging them into the earth. She sat up, and wobbled on her unsteady legs, struggling shake the grogginess out

of her system.

"Quick, or you're going to feel these claws in your fur." The white tom hissed, before trotting away while waving his tail in satisfaction. Shadefur grudgingly padded to the edge of the clearing, barely flinching as Blacktail stepped on her tail.

I've gotten used to it. Even the most terrible of things seem normal now.

New captives seemed to come in every day, so the black and white she-cat barely blinked when she saw a new hostage being dragged in through the sharp thorns bordering the camp's entrance.

There was something different about this apprentice. Something about the way that Sidewindercliff and Snake treated her.

She wasn't the same. This new captive was special.

But Shadefur didn't give it another thought, and simply glanced away, tucking her white paws neatly under her chest.

Of course, she was disgusted. But things like this happened so often that Shadefur could barely bring herself to care about a single cat being captured by Leaf and her sidekicks anymore.

She tried her best to be a "loyal" LeafClan cat. Obviously her allegiances didn't truly lie with these filthy, dirty excuses for cats, or any of the former clan cats that had joined Leaf because they thought that life here would be better. Shadefur didn't understand how anyone could even think that life here was good.

No, Shadefur pretended to be loyal so that she would have a nest to sleep in at night, and a scrawny starling to nibble at. She did this- though quite grudgingly- so that she could stay alive. For she had seen what had happened to the cats who stood up for themselves.

"LeafClan! Assemble!"

Shadefur stood up, and padded towards the centre of the clearing, laying flat on her stomach. The dirt mingled with her soft belly fur, and she desperately wanted to scratch an itch on her ear. But she kept still.

Adderear, Badgerclaw, Sidewindercliff and Snake sat themselves at the base of the rock, while Leaf calmly sat at the top, washing herself as cats poured out of their dens.

"I'd like to present someone- veery special to you all today," Leaf purred, trying to make her voice sound sugar sweet.

Shadefur hated to admit it, but if she didn't know what Leaf was really like, she might have fallen for it. But now she knew better

Perhaps she's talking about that cat I saw being dragged into camp.

A small, young light brown she-cat was shoved to the front of the crowd. Her large yellow eyes were blinking in confusion and fear, and Shadefur felt a pang of compassion for the young cat.

Murmurs swept through the crowd.

"Who is she?"

"What makes her so special, anyways?"

"I smell clan scent on her..."

"SILENCE!" Leafstar hissed.

"You must all be wondering....

"This is my dear, dear daughter. Sweetie, i'm so glad that you've finally come home."

Dun dun dun!!!!

I'll try to get the next chapter out soon, thanks for reading and please vote! :3

-Allie